
THE
WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
VOLUME FIFTH.

W. C. R. B.

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OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME FIFTH.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY VI. PART II.		KING RICHARD III.
KING HENRY VI. PART III.		KING HENRY VIII.

GLASGOW:

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WORMSLEY

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

GLASGOW

PRINTED FOR J. & A. WILKINSON, 10, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C. 4.
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1557

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI*.

WITH THE DEATH OF THE
GOOD DUKE HUMPHRY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY VI.
Humphry Duke of Gloucester, } uncles to
Cardinal Beaufort, } the King
Bp. of Winchester. }
Duke of York, pretending to the crown.
Duke of Buckingham, } of the King's
Duke of Somerset, } party.
Duke of Suffolk, }
Earl of Salisbury, } of the York
Earl of Warwick, } faction.
Lord Clifford, of the King's party.
Lord Say.
Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.
Sir John Stanley.
Sir Humphry Stafford.
Young Stafford, his brother.
Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.
Young Clifford, son to the Lord Clifford.
Edward Plantagenet, } sons to the Duke
Richard Plantagenet, } of York.

Vaux, a sea captain, and Walter Whitmore—pirates.
A Herald.
Hume and Southwell, two priests.
Bolingbrook, an astrologer.
A Spirit attending on Jordan the witch.
Thomas Horner, an armourer.
Peter, his man.
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of St. Alban's.
Simpcox, an impostor.
Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick the butcher, Smith, the weaver, and several others, rebels.
Margaret, Queen to K. Henry VI. secretly in love with the Duke of Suffolk.
Dame Eleanor, wife to the Duke of Gloucester.
Mother Jordan, a witch employ'd by the Dutchess of Gloucester.
Wife to Simpcox.
Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several parts of England.

* This and the third part were first writtten under the title of *The contention of York and Lancaster*, printed in 1607; but since vastly improved by the author, Mr. Pope.

VOL. V.

A

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

The palace.

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaufort, on the one side: the Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suf..* **A**S by your high imperial Majesty
I had in charge at my depart from France,
As procurator for your Excellence,
To marry Princess Marg'ret for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient-city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alanfon,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen.

[presenting the Queen to the King.]
To your most gracious hand; that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever Marquis gave,
The fairest Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret;
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lend'st me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast giv'n me in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious
The mutual conference that my mind hath had, *[Lord.]*
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-lievieft Sovereign;
Makes me the bolder to salute my King
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And overjoy of heart doth minister.

K. Henry.

• Vide Hall's Chronicle, fol. 66. year 23. init. Mr. Pope.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty, [speech,
Make me from wond'ring fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one chearful voice welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen Marg'ret, England's
happinefs!

2. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our Sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [reads.] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French
King, Charles, and William de la Pole Marquis of Suffolk,
Ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry
shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reigner
King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her
Queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*

*Item, That the duchy of Anjou, and the county of
Maine, shall be released and delivered to the King her fa-
ther.* [Lays fall the paper.

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. *Item, That the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall
be released and delivered to the King her father, and she sent
over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges,
without having any dowry.*

K. Henry. They please us well. Lord Marquis
kneel you down;

We here create thee the first *Duke of Suffolk*,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being Regent
I' th' parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Glo'ster, York, Buckingham, and Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.

Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

SCENE II. *Manent the rest.*

Glo. Brave Peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphry must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned counsel of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his Highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die!
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O Peers of England, shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstances?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made Duke, that rules the roath,
Hath giv'n the Duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style

Agrees.

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both.
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words*?

York. France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read, but England's Kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives:
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For cost and charges in transporting her.
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——

Car. My Lord of Glo'ster, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind.
'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud prelate; in thy face,
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd, France will be lost ere long. [Exit.]

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy;
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparent to the English crown.

A 3

Hada

*——peaceful words?

York. For Suffolk's Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike ill.
France should have torn, &c.

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the east,
 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
 Look to it, Lords: let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
 What though the common people favour him,
 Calling him *Humphry, the good Duke of Gloucester*.
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
Jesu maintain your Royal Excellence!
 With *God preserve the good Duke Humphry!*
 I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
 He being of age to govern of himself?
 Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
 And all together with the Duke of Suffolk,
 We'll quickly hoist Duke Humphry from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
 I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.]

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphry's pride,
 And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
 Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal.
 His insolence is more intolerable
 Than all the princes in the land beside.
 If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or Somerset, or I, will be Protector,
 Despight Duke Humphry, or the Cardinal.

[Exit. Buckingham and Somerset.]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
 While these do labour for their own preferment,
 Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
 I never saw, but Humphry Duke of Gloucester,
 Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
 Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal
 More like a soldier, than a man o' th' church,
 As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
 Unlike the ruler of a common weal.
 Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
 Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
 Excepting none but good Duke Humphry.

And

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
Join we together for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress:
The pride of Suffolk, and the Cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphry's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

Tork. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

[*Aside.*

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

[*Exe. Warwick and Salisbury.*

SCENE III. *Manet Tork.*

Tork. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The Peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a Duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own,
Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,

While.

* ——— look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? Oh father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

Exeunt, &c.

And

While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
 Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
 As did the fatal brand Althea burnt,
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
 Anjou and Maine, both giv'n unto the French!
 Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,
 Ev'n as I have of fertile England's soil.
 A day will come when York shall claim his own;
 And therefore I will take the Nevills' parts,
 And make a shew of love to proud Duke Humphry,
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown?
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
 Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought Queen,
 And Humphry with the Peers be fall'n at jars.
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit York.]

SCENE IV. *Changes to the Duke of Gloucester's house.*

Enter Duke Humphry, and his wife Eleanor.

Elean. Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd corn
 Hanging the head with Ceres' plenteous load?
 Why doth the great Duke Humphry knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
 Inchas'd

Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
 What! is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine.
 And, having both together heav'd it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
 And never more abase our sight so low,
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy Lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my King and nephew, virtuous Henry,
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
 My troublous dreams this night do make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my Lord? tell me, and I'll requite it.

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
 Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot;
 But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
 And, on the pieces of the broken wand,
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
 And William de la Pole first Duke of Suffolk.
 This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
 That he that breaks a stick of Glo'ster's grove,
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.
 But list to me, my Humphry, my sweet Duke,
 Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,
 And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
 Where Henry and Margaret kneel'd to me,
 And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright,
 Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,
 Art thou not second woman in the realm,
 And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
 Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
 Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
 To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,

From

From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what! my Lord! are you so cholerick
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go: come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

[Exit Gloucester.]

Elean. Yea, my good Lord, I'll follow presently,
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Glo'ter bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
And being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Iesus preserve your Royal Majesty!

Elean. What say'st thou? Majesty? I am but Grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your Grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet con-
With Margery Jordan the cunning witch, *[ferr'd]*
And Roger Bolingbrook the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised to shew your Highness,
A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions.
When from St. Alban's we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,

With

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Eleanor.*]

Hume. Hume must make merry with the Duchess' gold:

Marry, and shall: but how now, Sir John Hume?

Seal up your lips, and give no words, but *mum!*

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch.

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast:

I dare not say from the rich Cardinal,

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk.

Yet I do find it so: for to be plain,

They (knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour)

Have hired me to undermine the Duchess;

And buzz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;

Yet am I Suffolk's and the Cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands; and thus I fear, at last,

Hume's knavery will be the Duchess' wreck,

And her attainure will be Humphry's fall.

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to an apartment in the palace.*

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter the armourer's man being one.

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close; my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man; Jesu blefs him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suf.

Suf. How now, fellow, would'st any thing with me?

1 Pet. I pray, my Lord, pardon me; I took ye for my Lord Protector.

2. Mar. To my Lord Protector. [*reading.*] Are your supplications to his Lordship? let me see them; what is thine?

1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that's some wrong indeed. What's yours? what's here? [*Reads.*] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the commons of Long Melford.* How now, Sir Knave?

2 Pet. Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Suf. [*reads.*] *Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.*

2. Mar. What! did the Duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth? my master said, that he was; and that the King was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there?—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant, presently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[*Exit Peter guarded.*]

2. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected Under the wings of our Protector's Grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the supplications.*]

Away, base cullions: Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

2. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise?
Is this the fashion in the Court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle?
And this the royalty of Albion's King?
What! shall King Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Glo'ster's governance?
Am I a Queen in title and in style;
And must be made a subject to a Duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;

I thought King Henry had resembled thee
 In courage, courtship, and proportion.
 But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 To number *Ave Marias* on his beads;
 His champions are the prophets and apostles;
 His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
 His study is his tilt-yard; and his loves
 Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
 I would the college of the Cardinals
 Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
 And set the triple crown upon his head;
 That were a state fit for his holiness!

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cause
 Your Highness came to England, so will I
 In England work your Grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the proud Protector, have we Beaufort
 Th' imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
 And grumbling York; and not the least of these
 But can do more in England than the King.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
 Cannot do more in England than the Nevills;
 Salisb'ry and Warwick are no simple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these Lords do vex me half so much,
 As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
 She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
 More like an Empress than Duke Humphry's wife.
 Strangers in court do take her for the Queen;
 She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
 Contemptuous, base-born callot, as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
 The very train of her worst-wearing gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter!

Suff. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
 And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 That she will light to listen to their lays,
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So let her rest; and, Madam, list to me;
 For I am bold to counsel you in this;
 Although we fancy not the Cardinal,

Yet must we join with him and with the Lords,
 Till we have brought Duke Humphry in disgrace.
 As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit.
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 And you yourself shall steer the happy realm.

SCENE VI.

*To them enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Cardinal,
 Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, and
 the Dutchesse of Gloucester.*

K. Henry. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
 Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
 Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 Let York be Regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
 Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son; and shew some reason, Buckingham,
 Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself
 To give his censure: these are no woman's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
 To be Protector of his Excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm,
 And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
 Since thou wert King, (as who is King but thou?)
 The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck.
 The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
 And all the Peers and nobles of the realm
 Have been as bondmen to thy sov'reignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
 Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Glo.*]

Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?

[*She gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.*]

I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman!
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Elean. Against her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
'Though in this place most master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.

[*Exit Eleanor.*]

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphry, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs;
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [*Exit Buck.*]

SCENE VII. *Re-enter Duke Humphry.*

Glo. Now, Lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth-affairs.
As for your spightful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law.
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my King and country!
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your Regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
 Next, if I be appointed for the place,
 My Lord of Somerset will keep me here
 Without discharge, money, or furniture,
 Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
 Last time I danc'd attendance on his will,
 Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That I can witness; and a fouler fact
 Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace!

Enter Horner the armourer, and his man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason.
 Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Henry. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me what
 are these?

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man
 That doth accuse his master of high treason.
 His words were these: "That Richard Duke of York
 "Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
 "And that your Majesty was an usurper."

K. Henry. Say, man; were these thy words?

Arm. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor
 thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am false-
 ly accus'd by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my Lord, he did speak them
 to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my
 Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghil villain, and mechanical,
 I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
 I do beseech your Royal Majesty,
 Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the
 words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did cor-
 rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon
 his knees he would be even with me. I have good wit-
 ness of this; therefore I beseech your Majesty, do not
 cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my Lord, if I may judge.

Let

Let Somerset be Regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion.
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphry's doom.

K. Henry. Then be it so: my Lord of Somerset,
We make your Grace Regent over the French.

Som. I humbly thank your Royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas! my Lord, I cannot fight; for God's
sake, pity my case; the spight of man prevaleth against
me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be
able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!——

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to prison; and the day of
combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, So-
merfet, we'll see thee sent away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *The witch's cave.*

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.

Hume. Come, my masters; the Dutchess, I tell you, ex-
pects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will
her Ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an
invincible spirit, but it shall be convenient, Master Hume,
that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and
so I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit*
Hume.] Mother Jordan, be prostrate and grovel on the
earth; John Southwel, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor above.

Elean. Well said, my masters, and welcome to all! to
this geer, the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good Lady: wizards know their
times,
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night †,

B 3

The

† *The silent of the night*, is a classical expression; and means an
interlunar night.

The time of night when Troy was set on fire,
 The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl:
 When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves;
 That time best fits the work we have in hand.
 Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
 We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

*[Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the circle:
 Bolingbrook or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c.. It
 thunders and lightens terribly: then the spirit riseth.]*

Spirit. Adsum.

*M. Ford. Asmuth, by the eternal God, whose name
 And power thou tremblest at, tell what I ask;
 For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.*

*Spirit. Ask what thou wilt. — That I had said, and
 done!*

Boling. First, of the King: what shall of him become!

*Spirit. The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
 But him outlive, and die a violent death.*

[As the Spirit speaks, they write the answer.]

Boling. Tell me, what fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun castles.

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
 Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

*Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
 False fiend, avoid!*

[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.]

*Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham,
 with their guard, and break in.*

*York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash:
 Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.
 What, Madam, are you there? the King and the realm
 Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
 My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
 See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.*

*Elean. Not half so bad as thine to England's King,
 Injurious Duke, that threat'nt where is no cause.*

*Buck. True Madam, none at all. What call you this?
 Away*

Away with them, let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept apart. You, Madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.

We'll see your trinkets here forthcoming all.

[*Exeunt Guard with Jordan, Southwel, &c.*.*]

York. The King is now in progress tow'ards St. Alban's;
With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of
To be the post, in hope of his reward. [York,

York. At your pleasure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

*———Southwel, &c.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well.

A pretty plot, well chose to build upon.

Now pray, my Lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

Why, this is just, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shew castles.

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my Lords;

These oracles are hardly attain'd.

And hardly understood.

The King is now, &c.

This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. Mr. Pope.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I. *At St. Alban's.*

Enter King Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulconers hallooing.

2. *Mar.* BELIEVE me, Lords, for flying at the
brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day;
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my Lord, your falcon
And what a pitch she flew above the rest: [made
To see how God in all his creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an' it like your Majesty,
My Lord Protector's hawks do tow'r so well;
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my Lord Card'nal, how think you by that?
Were it not good your Grace cou'd fly to heav'n?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Bent on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That smooth'nt it so with King and common-weal!

Glo. What Card'nal! is your priesthood grown so
peremptory? *Tantane animis celestibus ira!*

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.
With such holiness can you not do it?

Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a Peer.

Glo. As who, my Lord?

Suf. Why, as yourself, my Lord;
An't like your lordly Lord Protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

2. *Mar.* And thy ambition, Glo'ster.

K. Henry. I pray thee, peace, good Queen;
And whet not on these too too furious Peers,

For

For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector, with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come
to that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the
matter,

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: and
if thou dar'st,

This ev'ning on the east side of the grove.

K. Henry. How now, my Lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin Glo'ster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport——Come with thy two-hand
sword.

[*Aside to Gloucester.*]

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—The east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.

[*Aside.*]

K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle Glo'ster?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my Lord.—
Now, by God's mother, Priest, I'll shave your crown for
this,

Or all my fence shall fail.

[*Aside.*]

Car. [*Aside.*] *Medice, teipsum.*

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs,
How irksome is this music to my heart!

[*Lords.*]

When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?

I pray, my Lords, let me compound this strife.

SCENE II. *Enter One, crying, A miracle.*

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle, a miracle!

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,
W'thin this half-hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter

Enter the Mayor of St. Alban's, and his brethren, bearing Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife following.

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
Before your Highness to present the man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the King,
His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your Grace,

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your Worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou couldst have
better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.

K. Henry. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great
to thee;

Let never day or night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine? [chance,

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oft'ner, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said, Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, Master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, Master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mafs, thou lov'dst plums well that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve:
Let's see thine eyes; wink now, now open them;
In my opinion, yet, thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, Master, clear as day; I thank God and St.
Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? what colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, Master, red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why then thou know'st what colour jet is
of?

Suf. And yet I think jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day in all his life.

Glo. Tell me firrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, Master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, Master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an' if it please you, Master.

Glo. Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom.

If thou had been born blind,

Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle:

Would ye not think that cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O Master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's,

Have you not beadles in your town;

And things call'd whips?

Mayor.

Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Glo. Now, fetch me a stool hither. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, Master, I am not able to stand alone: you go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glo. Well, Sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my Lord. Come on, sirrah, off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, Master, what shall I do! I am not able to stand.

[*After the beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and they follow, and cry, A miracle!*]

K. Henry. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long!

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle with the woman.*]

Car. Duke Humphry has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and flee away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my Lord, whole towns to fly.

SCENE III. *Enter Buckingham.*

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,
(The ringleader and head of all this rout,)

Have

Have practis'd dangerously against your state;
 Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
 Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
 Raising up wicked spirits from under ground;
 Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
 And other of your Highness' privy council,
 As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
 Your lady is forthcoming, yet at London.
 This news I think hath turn'd your weapon's edge.
 'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to Gloucester.*

Glo. Ambitious churchman! leave t' afflict my heart!
 Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
 And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
 Or to the meanest groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked
 Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby! [*ones,*

Queen. Glo'ster, see here the tainture of thy nest,
 And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heav'n I do appeal,
 How I have lov'd the King and common-weal:
 And for my wife, I know not how it stands.
 Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
 Noble she is; but if she have forgot
 Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
 As, like to pitch, defile Nobility;
 I banish her my bed and company,
 And give her as a prey to law and shame,
 That hath dishonour'd Glo'ster's honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night we will repose us here;
 To-morrow toward London back again,
 To look into this business thoroughly,
 And call these foul offenders to their answers;
 And poise the cause in Justice' equal scales,
 Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the Duke of York's palace.**Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevills are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my Lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmond Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Glo'ster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince dy'd before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd King;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of *Henry the Fourth*,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful King;
Sent his poor Queen to France from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless King Richard trait'rously was murder'd.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth.
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose
I claim the crown, had issue Philippe, a daughter, [line
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March.
Edmond had issue; Roger Earl of March:
Roger had issue; Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal.

Sal. This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been King;
Who kept him in captivity till he dy'd.
But to the rest——

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge,
Who was the son to Edmond Langley,
Edward the Third's fifth son.——

By her I claim the kingdom; she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmond Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence.
So, if the issue of the elder son

Succeed before the younger, I am King:

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York here claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fail, his should not reign;
It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful Sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown:

Both. Long live our Sov'reign Richard, England's
King!

York. We thank you, Lords: but I am not your King
Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dang'rous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them;
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphry:
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall seek their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My Lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of Warwick Shall one day make the Duke of York a King.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to a house near to Smithfield.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen, and Nobles; the Dutchess, Mother Jordan, Southwel, Hume, and Bolingbrook, under guard.

K. Henry. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Glo'ster's wife.

In sight of God and us your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins,
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to prison, back again;
From thence unto the place of execution;
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glo. The law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee, Eleanor;
I cannot justify whom law condemns.

[*Exeunt Eleanor, and others, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphry! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay, Humphry, Duke of Glo'ster; ere
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself [*thou go,*
Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphry, no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

2. Mar.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a King of years
Should be to be protected like a child:
God and King Henry govern England's realm:
Give up your staff, Sir, and the King his realm.

Glo. My staff? here, Noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good King; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry King, and Marg'ret
Queen.

And Humphry Duke of Glo'ster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His Lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists;
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my Lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. A' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God guard the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant!
The servant of the armourer, my Lords..

SCENE VI.

Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff, with a sand-bag fastened to it†; and at the other door his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of char-neco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter.

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for the credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer; and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord, blefs me I pray God; for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much to fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump? Then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with

† As, according to the old laws of duels. Knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or baton, to the farther end of which was fix'd a bag cramm'd hard with sand.

a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound trumpets; alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*]

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold; I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*]

York. Take away his weapon: fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this
O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right. [presence!]

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our fight,
For by his death * we do perceive his guilt.
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow.
Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The street.*

Enter Duke Humphry and his men, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
The barren winter with his nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd Dutchess:
Unneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph thro' the streets.
But soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter

* *Death, for defeat.* Because by the laws of duels, he that was defeated, was executed in consequence of it.

Enter the Dutchess in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff and Officers:

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives, let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Glo'ster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah! Glo'ster, teach me to forget myself:
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah! Humphry, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy that enjoy the fun?
No: dark shall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphry's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn Dutchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle, rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing, till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk (he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,)
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have-

Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou, how thou can'st, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry.
I must offend before I be attained:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any skaith,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away;
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's parliament
holden at Bury, the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave; and, Master Sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.

Sher. An't please your Grace, here my commission stays:
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now,
To take her with him to the isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glo. Intreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well; the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Elean. What gone, my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exit Gloucester.]

Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me; my joy is death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

Stanley,

Stanley, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. No; like a Dutcheſs, and Duke Humphry's lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou haſt been conduct of my ſhame.

Sher. It is my office; Madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is diſcharg'd.
Come, Stanley, ſhall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this ſheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my ſheet:
No, it will hang upon my richeſt robes,
And ſhew itſelf, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to ſee my priſon. [Exeunt

ACT III. SCENE I.

At Bury.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the parliament.

K. Henry. **I** Muſe my Lord of Glo'ſter is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
Whate'er occaſion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not ſee? or will you not obſerve
The ſtrangenefs of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majeſty he bears himſelf,
How inſolent of late he is become,
How peremptory and unlike himſelf!
We know the time ſince he was mild and affable:
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee;
That all the court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion:
But meet him now, and be it in the morn,

When

When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin?
But great men tremble when the lion roars,
And Humphry is no little man in England.
First note, that he is near you in descent;
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
(Respecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,)
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your Highness' council.
By flatt'ry hath he won the commons' hearts:
And when he'll please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear:
Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say, I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke.
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Grace's tale.
The Dutchess, by his subordination,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick Dutchess,
By wicked means to frame our Sov'reign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.

No,

No, no, my Sovereign; Glo'ster is a man
Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Put, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Hum-
phry.

K. Henry. My Lords, at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise. But shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Glo'ster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

2. Mar. Ah! what's more dang'rous than this fond
affiance?

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd;
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him;
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign!

K. Henry. Welcome, Lord Somerset; what news from
France?

Som. That all your int'rest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Henry. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's
will be done!

York. Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.

But

But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Aside.*

SCENE II. *Enter Gloucester.*

Glo. All happiness unto my Lord the King!
Pardon, my Liege, that I have staid so long.

Suff. Nay, Glo'ster, know, that thou art come too
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art. [soon,
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest.
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my Sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty!

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took b ribe
of France;

And, being Protector, staid the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his Highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That do it that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of my own proper-store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth; so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was Pro-
pity was all the fault that was in me: [tector,
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment.
 Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
 Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd;

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
 I do arrest you in his Highness' name,
 And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
 To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Henry. My Lord of Glo'ster, 'tis my special hope,
 That you will clear yourself from all suspicion;
 My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious Lord, these days are dangerous.
 Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
 And Charity chas'd hence by Rancour's hand.
 Foul Subornation is predominate,
 And equity exil'd your Highness' land.
 I know their complot is to have my life:
 And, if my death might make this island happy,
 And prove the period of their tyranny,
 I would expend it with all willingness.
 But mine is made the prologue to their play:
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
 Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 And Suffolk's cloudy brow his storm'd hate;
 Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
 The envious load that lies upon his heart;
 And dogged York that reaches at the moon,
 Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
 By false accuse doth level at my life.
 And you, my Sovereign Lady, with the rest,
 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
 And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
 My liefest Liege to be mine enemy:
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
 (Myself had notice of your conventicles,)
 And all to make away my guiltless life.
 I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt:
 The ancient proverb will be well effected,

A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Sovereign Lady here
With ignominious words, though clarkly couch'd?
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations, to o'erthrow his state.

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant; I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear. [*Exit guarded.*]

SCENE III.

K. Henry. My Lords, what to your wisdom seemeth
Do or undo, as if ourself were here. [*best,*]

Q. Mar. What will your Highness leave the parliament?

K. Henry. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with
Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes; [*grief,*
My body round ingirt with misery:
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphry! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphry, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great Lords, and Margaret our Queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life,
That never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong?

And as the butcher takes away the calf,
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strives,
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
 Even so remorseless have they borne him hence.
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 And can do nought but wail her darling loss;
 Even so myself bewail good Glo'ster's case
 With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes.
 Look after him, and cannot do him good:
 So mighty are his vowed enemies.

His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
 Say, who's a traitor? Glo'ster he is none. [Exit.]

2. Mar. Free Lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
 Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs, [hot beams.
 Too full of foolish pity: Glo'ster's shew
 Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow shares relenting passengers:
 Or as the snake, roll'd in a flow'ry bank,
 With shining chequer'd slough, doth sting a child
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
 Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,
 (And yet herein I judge my own wit good,)
 This Glo'ster should be quickly rid the world,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
 But yet we want a colour for his death:
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, this were no policy:
 The King will labour still to save his life,
 The commons haply rise to save his life;
 And yet we have but trivial argument,
 More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.
 But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
 Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
 Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
 As place Duke Humphry for the King's Protector?

2. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness then
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphry's prov'd by reasons to my Liege;
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by ginns, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice Noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my Sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest;
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my Liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing;

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: And now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

SCENE IV. *Enter a Post.*

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come again,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, Lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of heil.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent a Regent thither;
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;

Witness the fortune he hath had in France——

Som. If York, with all his fair-fetch'd policy,
Had been the Regent there instead of me,
He never wou'd have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Mens' flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

S. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still.
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame
take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is:
Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my Lord, so please his Majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And what we do establish, he confirms;
Then, Noble York, take thou this task in hand:

York. I am content: provide me soldiers, Lords,
Whilst I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd:
But now return we to the false Duke Humphry.

Car. No more of him; for I deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off: the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE V. *Manet York.*

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art.
Resign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying,
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time show'rs, comes thought on
And not a thought but thinks on dignity. [thought,
My brain, more busy than the lab'ring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, Nobles, well; 'tis politically done.
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you be warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breast, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whilst I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell.
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
(Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,)
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentish man,
John Cade of Ashford;
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And giv'n me notice of their villanies.

This.

This devil here shall be my substitute;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble.
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say, I mov'd him to those arms.
 Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will;
 Why, then, from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
 For Humphry being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *An apartment in the palace.*

Enter two or three running over the stage from the murder of Duke Humphry.

1. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
 We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.
 2. Oh that it were to do! what we have done!
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent!

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my Lord:
Suf. Now, Sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?
 1. Ay, my good Lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go get you to my house;
 I will reward you for this vent'rous deed:
 The King and all the Peers are here at hand.——
 Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
 According as I gave directions?
 1. Yes, my good Lord.
Suf. Away be gone. [Exit Murderers.

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Somerset, with Attendants.

K. Henry. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
 Say, we intend to try his Grace to-day,
 If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my Noble Lord. [Exit.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Lords, take your places: and I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Glo'ster,
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

2. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Henry. I thank thee. Well, these words content
me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord; Glo'ster is dead.

2. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Can. God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[King swoons.]

2. Mar. How fares my Lord? help, Lords, the King
is dead.

Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.

2. Mar. Run, go, help, help! oh, Henry, ope thine
eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again; Madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heav'nly God!

2. Mar. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suf. Comfort, my Sovereign; gracious Henry, comfort.

K. Henry. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding!

Yet

Yet do not go away; come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Glo'ster's dead.

2. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death.
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs, recal his life;
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ah, me unhappy!
To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for Glo'ster, wretched man!

2. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Glo'ster's tomb?
Why then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statue, and do worship to it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by adverse winds from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this? but well-forewarning winds
Did seem to say, Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.
What did I then, but curse the gentle gulls,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow toward's England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,

But

But left that hateful office unto thee.*
 The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
 As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,
 (A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)
 And threw it tow'rd's thy land; the sea receiv'd it,
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart.
 And ev'n with this I lost fair England's view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 To fit and witch me, as Afcanius did,
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
 Am I not witch'd like her? art thou not false like him?
 Ah me, I can no more: die, Margaret!
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
 That good Duke Humphry traiterously is murder'd
 By Suffolk, and the Cardinal Beaufort's means:
 The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 And care not who they sting in their revenge.
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry.

* ——— office unto thee.

The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
 Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore
 With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness
 The splitting rocks, &c.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too
But how he died, God knows, not Henry: [true;
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my Liege: stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*Warwick goes in.*

K. Henry. O thou that judgest all things, stay my
thoughts;

My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphry's life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God!
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love upon his dumb, deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies.

[*Bed with Gloucester's body put forth.*

And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this
body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him,
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify thy cheek again

But

But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd;
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man;
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets: his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here:
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the Duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murderers.

War. But both of you had vow'd Duke Humphry's
death,
And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke Humphry's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your
knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a *kite*? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his ranc'rous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphry's death.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare
him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with rev'rence may I say;
For ev'ry word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your Royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl; and noble-stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art;
And never of the Nevills' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st;—
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphry's ghost.

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*]

SCENE VII.

K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a heart un-
tainted?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath this quarrel just;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why, how now, Lords? your wrathful
weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf.

Suf. The trait'rous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the King shall know your mind,
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk strait be put to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphry died;
They say, in him they fear your Highness' death,
And mere instinct of love and loyalty
(Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue,
That sily glided tow'rs your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose invenomed and fatal sting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord
of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolish'd hands,
Could send such message to their Sovereign!
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quient an orator you are.
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King. [in.

Within. An answer from the King, or we will all break

K. Henry. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
 I thank them for their tender loving care;
 And had I not been cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do intreat;
 For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
 And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
 He shall not breathe infection in this air
 But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
 No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
 But when I swear, it is irrevocable;
 If after three days space thou here be'st found
 On any ground that I am ruler of,
 The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
 Come, Warwick; good Warwick; go with me;
 I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Warwick, &c.*]

SCENE VIII. *Manent Queen and Suffolk.*

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
 Heart's discontent and sour affliction
 Be play-fellows to keep you company!
 There's two of you, the devil make a third,
 And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
 And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
 Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them? Wherefore should I curse
 Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan, [them?
 I would invent as bitter searching terms,
 As curs'd, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,

Mine

Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract:
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—— [self;

2. *Mar.* Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thy-
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain-top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

2. *Mar.* Oh, let me intreat thee cease; give me thy
That I may dew it with my mournful tears; [hand,
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think on these lips by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd, whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee:

Go, speak not to me; even now be gone——
Oh, go not yet—— Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd.
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee!
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;

A wilderness is populous enough,
 So Suffolk had thy heav'nly company.
 For where thou art, there is world itself;
 With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world:
 And where thou art not, desolation.
 I can no more. — Live thou to joy thy life;
 Myself no joy in aught but that thou liv'st.

SCENE IX. *Enter Vaux.*

2. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I

Vaux. To signify unto his Majesty. [pr'ythee?

That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:

For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,

That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,

Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphry's ghost

Were by his side; sometimes he calls the King,

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his over-charged soul:

And I am sent to tell his Majesty,

That even now he cries aloud for him.

2. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the King;

[*Exit Vaux.*

Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,

Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

And with the southern clouds contend in tears?

Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.

Now get thee hence; the King, thou know'st, is coming;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;

And in thy sight to die, what were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe

Dying with mother's dug between its lips:

Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,

Or I should breathe it so into thy body;

And

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death.
Oh! let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away; though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk; let me hear from thee:
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE X. *The Cardinal's bedchamber.*

Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed.

K. Henry. How fares my Lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy Sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's
Enough to purchase such another island, [*treasure,*]
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. "Bring me unto my trial when you will.

"Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

"Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?

"Oh, torture me no more, I will confess——

"Alive again? then shew me where he is:

"I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him——

"He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:

"Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

"Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.

"Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary

"Bring the strong poison that I bought of him."

K. Henry. O thou eternal mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;

Oh,

Oh, beat away the busy, meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign! O God, forgive him.

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Whitmore, and other pirates, with Suffolk and other prisoners.

Capt. "THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day,
" Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
" And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
" That drag the tragic melancholy night;
" Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
" Clip dead mens' graves, and from their misty jaws
" Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air."
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize:
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this:
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1. Gent. What is my ransom, Master, let me know.

Maft. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand.
And bear the name and port of gentlemen? [crowns,
Cut both the villains' throats, for die you shall:
Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,

Be

Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it thou shalt die; [*To Suffolk.*
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Capt. Be not so rash, take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. —

Whit. And so am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I should die.

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly founded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not;
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, *Whitmore*; for thy prisoner is a prince;
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?

Capt. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

And

And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Capt. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Capt. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Capt. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord?

Ay, kennel—puddle—sink, whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver spring where England drinks:

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

For swallowing up the treasure of the realm;

Thy lips, that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground;

And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Humphry's death,

Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,

Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to affie a mighty Lord

Unto the daughter of a worthless King,

Having nor subject, wealth, nor diadem!

By devilish policy art thou grown great,

And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France;

The false-revolting Normans, thorough thee,

Disdain to call us Lord; and Picardy

Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The princely Warwick, and the Nevills all,

(Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,)

As hating thee, are rising up in arms.

And now the house of York (thrust from the crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless King,

And lofty proud incroaching tyranny)

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours

Advance a half-fac'd sun striving to shine;

Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus*.

The commons here in Kent are up in arms:

And to conclude, reproach and beggary

Is crept into the palace of our King,

And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.——

Suf. O, that I were a God, to shoot forth thunder

Upon

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
 Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more,
 Than Bargulus* the strong Illyrian pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
 It is impossible that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 Thy words move rage, and not remorse in me:
 I go of message from the Queen to France;
 I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Capt. Walter——

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Pænæ gelidus timor occupat artus: 'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

Gen. My gracious Lord, intreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
 Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no; rather let my head

Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heav'n, and to my King;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True Nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear than you dare execute.

Capt. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty you can,
 That this my death may never be forgot.

Great men oft die by vile Bezonians

A Roman sworder and Bandetto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders

Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Walter Whitmore with Suffolk.*]

Capt. And as for those whose ransom we have set.

It is our pleasure one of them depart;

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Ex. Captain and the rest.*]

Manet.

* *Cic. de offic. lib. 2. cap. 11.*

Manet the first Gent. Enter Whitmore with the body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit Whit.*

I Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Southwark.*

Enter Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword though made of
a lath; they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to
dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap
upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I
say, it was never a merry world in England since gentle-
men came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in
handycraftsmen.

Hol. The Nobility think scorn to go in leather a-
prons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's council are no good
workmen.

Hol. True; and yet it is said, *Labour in thy vocation*;
which is as much as to say, Let the magistrates be labour-
ing men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign
of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them; there's Best's son, the
tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make
dog's leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher. ———

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and ini-
quity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the weaver. ———

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and a sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father——

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes. Command silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a Mortimer——

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet——

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies——

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Weav. But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A' must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Weav. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof*.

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' th' hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass; and when I am King, as King I will be——

VOL. V.

F

All

* A quibble intended between two senses of the word; one as being able to resist, the other as being well tried, that is, long worn.

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people. There shall be no money; all shall eat and drink upon my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The Clerk of Chatham; he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weav. We took him setting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Weav. He 'as a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, firrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters*: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd; away with him: he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade.

* *i. e.* Of letters missive, and such like public acts. See Mabillon's *Diplomata*.

Cade. Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*]

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly; Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. Rise up, *Sir John Mortimer*. Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, *Dick Butcher*. Rise up, *Sir Dick Butcher*. Now sound up the drum.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this groom; The King is merciful if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward; therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not *. It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer, And thou thyself a shearmen, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this.—Edmund Mortimer Earl of March married the Duke of Clarence's daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

F 2

Cade

* i. e. I regard not. A common phrase of that time.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

T. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true.
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore
deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

T. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught
you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to; firrah,
tell the King from me, that for his father's sake, Henry
the Fifth, (in whose time boys went to span-counter for
French crowns,) I am content he shall reign; but I'll
be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's
head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England
maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puif-
fance holds it up. Fellow Kings, I tell you, that Lord
Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eu-
nuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and
therefore is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer if you can. The Frenchmen are
our enemies: go to then; I ask but this, can he that
speaks with the tongue of the enemy, be a good counsel-
lor or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

T. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away, and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends,
May (even in their wives' and childrens' fight)

Be

Be hang'd up for example at their doors;
And you that be the King's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords, with their train.]

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman;

Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoone;

For they are thrifty honest men, and such

As would (but that they dare not,) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out
of order. Come, march forward.

[Exeunt Cade and his party.]

[Alarum to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.]

Re-enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own
slaughter-house: therefore thus I will reward thee. The
lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a
licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less.
This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies
shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels, till I do come to
London, where we will have the Mayor's sword borne
before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open
the goals, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's
march towards London: *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Black-beath.*

Enter King Henry with a supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard, that grief softens the mind;
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Henry. I'll send some holy bishop to intreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword. And I myself,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
Will parly with Jack Cade their General.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wand'ring planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have
thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

K. Henry. How now, Madam?
Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. My love, I should not mourn, but die for
thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Henry. How now? what news? why com'st thou
in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my Lord,
Jack Cade proclaims himself *Lord Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence's house;
And calls your Grace usurper openly;
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless.
Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceless men! they know not what
they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until

Until a power be raised to put them down.

2. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Grace's person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge,
The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses;
The rascal people thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my Lord; away, take horse.

K. Henry. Come, Marg'ret, God our hope will succour us.

2. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewell, my Lord; trust not to Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to London.*

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my Lord, nor like to be slain: for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself.
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower;
But get you into Smithfield, gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Goff.
Fight for your King, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.

SCENE *changes to Cannon-street.*

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this city, and here sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that of the city's cost the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than *Lord Mortimer*.

Enter a soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

Weav. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you *Jack Cade* more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but first go and set London-bridge on fire, and if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE *changes to Smithfield.*

Alarum. *Matthew Goff is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade with his company.*

Cade. So, Sirs. Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of courts, down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mafs, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

SCENE VI. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My Lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times — Ah, thou Say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram Lord, now art thou within point-black of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basimecu*, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of the peace to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say.

* He means to say, *Baïsez ma queue.*

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
 Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
 Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle;
 Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches;
 The people liberal, valiant, active, worthy:
 Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
 I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
 Yet, to recover them, would lose my life:
 Justice with favour have I always done;
 Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never:
 When have I aught exacted at your hands?
 Kent to maintain, the King, the realm, and you,
 Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks;
 Because my book prefer'd me to the King:
 And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
 Unless you be possess'd with dev'lish spirits,
 Ye cannot but forbear to murder me:
 This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
 For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I
 Those that I never saw, and struck them dead. [struck

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind
 folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your
 good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make
 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor mens' causes,
 Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the
 help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll
 be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand stea-
 dier on a pole or no: take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have

Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
 Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
 Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
 Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
 These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
 This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.
 O, let me live!——

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an' it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he has a familiar under his tongue, he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen, if when you make your God should be so obdurate as yourselves, [prayers,
 How would it fare with your departed souls?
 And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [Exeunt some with Lord Say.] The proudest Peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me *in capite*. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Enter one with the beads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. Away.

[Exeunt.
 SCENE

SCENE VII. *Changes to Southwark.*

Alarum, and retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street, down St. Magnus' corner, kill and knock down, throw them into Thames.

[A parley sounded.]

What noise is this I hear?

Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,

When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee. Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the King—Unto the commons, whom thou hast misfed; And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen; will ye relent, And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you, Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon, Fling up his cap, and say, *God save his Majesty!* Who hateth him, and honours not his father, Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? and you, base peasants, do ye believe 'em? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-hart in Southwark? I thought you would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,

That

That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
 Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
 And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes?
 Alas! he hath no home, no place to fly to:
 Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
 Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
 Were't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
 The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
 Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
 Methinks already in this civil broil
 I see them lording it in London streets,
 Crying, *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
 Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
 Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
 To France! to France! and get what you have lost;
 Spare England, for it is your native coast.
 Henry hath mercy, you are strong and manly:
 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the King and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying; in despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, make me betake me to my heels.

[*Exit.*]

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him.
 And he that brings his head unto the King,
 Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[*Exeunt some of them.*]

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean

To reconcile you all unto the King.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VIII. *The palace at Killingworth.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset on the terrace.

K. Henry. Was ever King that 'joy'd an earthly throne,

VOL. V.

G

And

And could command no more content than I?
 No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
 But I was made a King at nine months old:
 Was never subject long'd to be a King,
 As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

K. Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade sur-
 Or is he but retir'd to make him strong? [pris'd?

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my Lord, and all his pow'rs do yield;
 And humbly thus with halters on their necks
 Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

K. Henry. Then, heav'n, set ope thy everlasting gates,
 To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.
 Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
 And shew'd how well you love your prince and country;
 Continue still in this so good a mind,
 And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
 Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
 And so with thanks and pardon to you all,
 I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
 The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
 And with a puissant and mighty pow'r
 Of desp'rate gallow-glassies and stout kerns,
 Is marching hitherward in proud array;
 And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
 His arms are only to remove from thee
 The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my state 'twixt Cade and York
 distrefs'd;

Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
 Is straitway claim'd and boarded with a pirate.
 But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd;
 And now is York in arms to second him.
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet with him,

And

And ask him what's the reason of these arms :
Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower ;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My Lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms ;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my Lord ; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern
better ;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *A garden in Kent.*

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambitions ; fie on myself, that have a
sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five days
have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out,
for all the country is laid for me : but now am I so
hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a
thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on
a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden, to see if I
can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is
not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather ;
and I think this word *sallet* was born to do me good ;
for many a time but for a sallet my brain-pan had been
cleft with a brown-bill ; and many a time when I have
been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me in-
stead of a quart-pot to drink in ; and now the word *sal-*
let must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord ! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?
This small inheritance my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waining ;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy ;

Q 2

Sufficeth

And

Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for ent'ring his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be, I know thee not; why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat these five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said while England stands, That Alexander Iden, an Esquire of Kent, Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man. Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst outface me with thy looks: Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser: Thy hand is but a finger to my fist; Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon. My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast; And if mine arm be heaved in the air, Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth: As for more words, let this my sword report (Whose greatness answers words) what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou may'st be turned into hobnails. [*Here they fight.*] O I am slain! Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to all

all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

Idea. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead.
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
T' emblaze the honour which thy master got.

Cade. *Idea*, farewell, and be proud of thy victory: tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man; and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I that never fear'd any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]

Idea. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge!

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave;
And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

In the fields near London.

Enter York, with his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. **F**ROM Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful King!
Ah, Majesty! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, (have I a soul,)
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham to disturb me?
The King hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry our dread Liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace?

Or why, thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so
great.

Oh! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms.

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the King:

More like a King, more kingly in my
thoughts.

But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.

O Buckingham! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have giv'n no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,

The King hath yielded unto thy demand:

The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers:
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;

Meet me to-morrow in St. George's field,

You shall have pay and every thing you wish.

And let my Sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son; nay, all my sons,

As pledges of my fealty and love,
 I'll send them all as willing as I live;
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission,
 We twain will go into his highness' tent. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to the King's pavilion.*

Enter King Henry, and Attendants. Re-enter Buckingham and York, attended.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to
 That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm? [*us,*

York. In all submission and humility,
 York doth present himself unto your Highness.

K. Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost
 bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
 And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
 Whom since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
 May pass into the presence of a King,
 Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head;
 The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Henry. The head of Cade? great God! how just
 O, let me view his visage being dead, [*art thou?*
 That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
 Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy de-

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name, [*gree?*
 A poor Esquire of Kent, that loves the King.

Buck. So please it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiss
 He were created Knight for his good service.

K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; rise up a Knight:
 We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
 And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
 And never live but true unto his Liege!

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

K. Henry. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the
the Queen;

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
But boldly stand and front him to his face. [head,

York. How now? is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?

False King! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee! no, thou art no King:

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which durst not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown:

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round ingirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown (like to Achilles's spear†)

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is hand to hold a sceptre up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place; by heav'n thou shalt rule no more

O'er him whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown;

Obey,

† The story is, that Telephus the son of Hercules, being King of Mysia, opposed the passage of the Greeks to Troy, and being grievously wounded by Achilles, consulted the oracle how he might be cured. The answer he received was, That nothing but the same spear which gave the wound could heal it: upon which he made friends to Achilles, who, by the rust from the steel of his spear scraped into the wound, cured him. And in return for so great a benefit, Telephus followed Achilles as an auxiliary to the siege of Troy. Ovid refers to this story in the following verses.

*Vu' nus in Herculeo quæ quondam feceret hoste
Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit.*

And Propertius,

*Mysus & Emonia juvenis quæ cuspidæ vulnus
Senferat, hæc ipsâ cuspidæ sensit opem.*

Obeÿ, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;
Would'st have me kneel? First, let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
'They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

2. Mar. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward Plantagenet and Richard Plantagenet.

See where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

2. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my Lord the King.

York. I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy Sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:
To Bedlam with him; is the man grown mad?

K. Henry. Ay, Clifford, a Bedlam and ambitious hu-
Makes him oppose himself against his King. [mour

Clif. He is a traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

2. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

E. Plan. Ay, Noble father, if our words will serve.

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so.
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart traitor;

Call

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears †,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs;
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was with-held;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape.

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair, [bow?
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned Duke;
And in my conscience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal.

† Alluding to the *Nevills'* crest, which was the bear and ragged staff.

Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heav'n for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To 'reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevill's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm,)
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bearward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious Noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fie, charity for shame, speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE V. *Changes to a field of battle at St. Alban's.**Enter Warwick.*

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls;
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 (Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
 And dying mens' cries do fill the empty air,)
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me;
 Proud northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my Noble Lord? what all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed:
 But match to match I have encount'ed him.
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows,
 Ev'n of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick: seek thee out some other chace,
War. Then nobly, York! 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
 As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit War.*

Cliff. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
 pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
 But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
 But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
 As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both! —

York. A dreadful lay, address thee instantly. [*Fight.*

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
 Peace with his soul, Heav'n, if it be thy will. [*Exit.*

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout.
 Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where

Where should it guard. O War! thou son of hell,
 Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldier fly.
 He that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love; for he that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour.—O let the vile world end,

[Seeing his dead father.]

And the premised † flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heav'n together!
 Now let the general trumpet-blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease! Wast thou ordained, O dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 The silver livery of advised age;
 And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
 My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine,
 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares.
 No more will I their babes: tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
 As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So I bear thee upon my manly shoulders:
 But then Æneas bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit, bearing off his father.]

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lie thou there: *[Somerſet is kill'd.]*
 For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
 The caſtle in St. Alban's, Somerſet
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.

VOL. V.

H

Sword,

† Premised, for ſent before their time.

Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still.
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[*Exit Richard Plantagenet.*]

SCENE VI.

Fight. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my Lord, you are slow; for shame, away.

K. Henry. Can we outrun the heav'ns! good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight,
 Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence, [nor fly.
 To give the enemy way, and to secure us
 By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 Of all our fortunes; but if we haply 'scape,
 (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
 We shall to London get, where you are lov'd;
 And where this breach now in our fortunes made,
 May readily be stop't.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
 I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
 But fly you must: incurable discomfit
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present party.
 Away, for your relief; and we will live
 To see their day, and them our fortune give.
 Away, my Lord, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
 That winter-lion, who in rage forgets
 Aged contusions and all bruise of time;
 And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
 Repairs him with occasion. This happy day
 Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
 If Salisbury be lost.

R. Plan.

R. Plan. My Noble father,
 Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
 Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
 Persuaded him from any further act:
 But still where danger was, still there I met him;
 And, like rich hangings in an homely house,
 So was his will in his old feeble body.
 But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
 By th' mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard.
 God knows how long it is I have to live;
 And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
 You have defended me from imminent death.
 Well, Lords, we have not got that which we have;
 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
 Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
 For, as I hear, the King is fled to London,
 To call a present court of parliament.
 Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
 What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
 Now, by my hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious day.
 St. Alban's' battle, won by famous York,
 Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
 Sound drum and trumpets, and to London all,
 And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*]

THE
THIRD PART OF HENRY VI*.

WITH THE DEATH OF THE
DUKE OF YORK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY VI.		Earl of Salisbury,	} <i>Of the Duke of York's party.</i>
Edward, son to the King, and Prince of Wales.		Earl of Pembroke	
Duke of Somerset,	} <i>Lords of K. Henry's side.</i>	Lord Hastings,	
Earl of Northumberland,		Lord Stafford,	
Earl of Oxford,		Sir John Mortimer,	} <i>Uncle to the Duke of York.</i>
Earl of Exeter,		Sir Hugh Mortimer,	
Earl of Westmoreland,		Sir William Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby.	
Lord Clifford,		Lord Rivers, brother to Lady Gray.	
Earl of Richmond, a youth, afterwards K. Henry VII.		Sir John Montgomery.	
Richard, Duke of York.		Lieutenant of the Tower.	
Edward, eldest son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward IV.		Mayor of Coventry.	
George, Duke of Clarence, second son to the Duke of York.		Mayor and Aldermen of York.	
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, third son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard III.		Somerville.	
Edmund, Earl of Rutland, youngest son to the Duke of York.		Humphry and Sinklo, two hunters.	
Duke of Norfolk,	} <i>Of the Duke of York's party.</i>	Lewis, King of France.	
Marquis of Montague,		Bourbon, Admiral of France.	
Earl of Warwick,		Queen Margaret.	
		Bona, sister to the French King.	
		Lady Gray, Widow of Sir John Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.	
		Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward.	

In part of the third Act, the SCENE is laid in France; during all the rest of the play, in England.

* First printed under the title of *The true tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The second part of the contention between York and Lancaster*, 1600. Mr. Pope.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

London.

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

War. **I** Wonder how the King escap'd our hands!

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He sily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front; and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dang'rously.
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd. [blood;

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.—

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.
Is his Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heav'n these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of that fearful King,
And this the regal seat; possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk. We'll all assist you; he that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk; stay by me, my Lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[*They go up.*
War.

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

York. The Queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council;
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet Duke of York be King;
And baseful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not; my Lords, be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dare:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

SCENE II.

*Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland,
Exeter and others.*

K. Henry. My Lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state; belike he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as King.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his fav'rites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heav'ns be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down;
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he:
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin, be it so.

K. Henry. Ah! know you not the city favours them.
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from Henry's
To make a shambles of the parliament-house. [heart,
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,

[*To the Duke.*

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet :

I am thy Sovereign.

York. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine.

Exe. For shame come down: he made thee Duke of
York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown,

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural King?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of
York.

K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so, content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

West. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more, lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.

York. Will you we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you
lose:

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will
fly.——

York. Sons, peace.

K. Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to
speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too;
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Henry. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly
Wherein my grandfire and my father sat? [throne,
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, Lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be King.

K. Henry. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the
crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his King.

K. Henry. I know not what to say, my title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King:
For Richard, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe.

Exe. No, for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me,

York. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful King.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of thee.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence,
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you, Lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill this house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers shew themselves.*]

K. Henry. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one
Let me but reign in quiet while I live. [word;]

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son?

War. What good is this to England and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degen'rate King,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!——

Cliff. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome;
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!——

[*Exeunt Nor. Cliff. Westm.*]

SCENE III.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Henry. Ah, Exeter!——

War. Why should you fight, my Lord?

K. Henry. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinheret.

But be it as it may; I hear entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war; and whilst I live,

To honour me as thy King and Sovereign;

Neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace
him.

K. Henry. And long livethou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sonet. Here they come down.*]

York. Farewell, my gracious Lord, I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the court.

[*Exeunt York, Warwick, Norfolk, and Montague.*]

Enter the Queen and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray
I'll steal away. [her anger.]

K. Henry. So, Exeter, will I. [Going.]

Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee——

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! wou'd I had died a maid,

And

And never seen thee, never born thee son,
 Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.
 Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
 Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
 Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
 Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
 Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,
 And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
 If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Henry. Pardon me, Marg'ret; pardon me, sweet son;
 The Earl of Warwick and the Duke inforc'd me.

Queen. Inforc'd thee! art thou King, and wilt be
 forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, tim'rous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;

And given unto the house of York such head,

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;

The Duke is made Protector of the realm;

And yet shalt thou be safe?—such safety finds

The trembling lamb invironed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman;

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,

Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour.

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repealed,

Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern Lords, that have forsworn thy colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus I do leave thee. Come, son, let's away;

Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.——

Prince. When I return with vict'ry from the field, I'll see your Grace; till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*]

K. Henry. Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast† my crown; and, like, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!

The loss of those three Lords torments my heart;

I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair.

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And, as I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Changes to Sandal-castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No; I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving th' house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw.

† i. e. Hover over it.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn!

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears.
Henry hath none; but did usurp the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore to arms! and, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be King or die.
Brother thou shalt to London presently.
And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.
Thou, Richard, shalt to th' Duke of Norfolk go,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord of Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise,
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise;
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter Messenger.

But stay, what news? why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and
Intends here to besiege you in your castle. [Lords,
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my Lord.

York. Ay,—with my sword. What! think'st thou
that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;

My brother Montague shall post to London.
 Let Noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
 Whom we have left protectors of the King,
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fe arit not.
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit Montague.*]

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
 You are come to Sandal in a happy hour.
 The army of the Queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
 A woman's General; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*]

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
 And issue forth, and bid them battle strait.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
 I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,
 When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success!

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A field of battle betwixt Sandal-castle and Wakefield.

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
 Ah, Tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life:
 As for the brat of this accursed Duke,
 Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

Tutor. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,

Lest

Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, dragged off.*]

Clif. How now? is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs afunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject of thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's
blood
Hath stopt the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again.
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul:
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——

Rut. O let me pray before I take my death:
To thee I pray——sweet Clifford, pity me.

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest in revenge thereof (sith God is just)
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die; for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause!

Thy father slew my father, therefore die.

[*Clif. flabs him.*

Rut. Dii faciant laudis summa sit ista tua †!

[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

Congel'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter Richard Duke of York.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field:

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me,

And all my followers to the eager foe,

Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,

Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.

My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown, by life or death.

Three times did Richard make a lane to me,

And thrice cry'd, Courage, father! fight it out:

And full as oft came Edward to my side,

With purple falchion painted to the hilt

In blood of those that had encounter'd him:

And when the hardiest warriors did retire,

Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of ground;

And cry'd, A crown, or else a glorious tomb:

A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre.

With this we charg'd again: but out! alas,

We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide,

And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*

Ah! hark, the fatal followers do pursue:

And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;

And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.

The sands are number'd that make up my life;

Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the Prince
of Wales, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,

I

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
Now Phæton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:

And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desp'rate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. Oh, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown had made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford; for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:

Wrath makes him deaf. Speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart,

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot away?

It is war's praise to take all 'vantages;

And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

Clif. Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[In the struggle York is taken prisoner.]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him
now?

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here,

That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
 Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
 What! was it you that would be England's King!
 Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
 And made a preachment of your high descent?
 Where are your messes of sons to back you now,
 The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
 And where's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
 Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
 Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
 Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
 Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
 That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
 And if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
 Alas! poor York; but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
 What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine intrails,
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
 Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 Thou would'st be fce'd, I see, to make me sport.
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
 A crown for York—and, Lords, bow low to him:
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper-crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a King.
 Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
 And this is he was his adopted heir.
 But how is it that great Plantagenet
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
 As I bethink me, you should not be King,
 Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
 And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
 Off with the crown, and with the crown his head;
 And whilst we breathe, take him to do him dead.

Clif.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Queen. Nay, stay, let's hear the orisons he makes.

Tork. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill befitting is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shame-
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples, [less,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman,
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unless the adage must be verif'd,
"That beggars mounted run their horse to death."
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
Oh, tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern; obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidst thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish.
Would'st thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford; and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry canibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable, [blood:
Oh ten times more, than tygers of Hyrcania.
See ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears.

This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,

Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears;

And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!" —

There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse:

And in thy need such comfort come to thee,

As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world.

My soul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads.

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,

To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumber-

Think but upon the wrong he did us all, [land?

And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Cif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[*Stabbing him.*

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

[*Stabs him also.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

[*Dies.*

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;

So York may overlook the town of York. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Near Mortimer's cross in Wales.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. **I** Wonder how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit?

Had

Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right-valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear incompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father.
Methinks 'tis pride enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes? or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see, they join, embrace, and seem to kifs,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable.
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard
I think it cites us, brother, to the field; [of;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave I
You love the breeder better than the male. [speak it,

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel

Some

Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah! one that was a woful looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving Lord.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he dy'd; for I will hear it all.

Mess. Invironed he was with many foes,
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak,
By many hands your father was subdu'd,
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen;
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite:
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon!
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
Oh Clifford, boist'rous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry.
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him;
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, oh never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep: for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden:
For th' self-same wind that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire up all my breast;
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:

Tears

Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name: I'll 'venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom, say,
Either they're thine, or else thou wert not his.

SCENE II.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquis of Montague, and
their army.

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what news
abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Must'rd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd towards St. Alban's t'intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming, with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought.
But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,

Who

Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death;
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons, like to lightning, came and went;
Our soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great reward.
But all in vain: they had no heart to fight;
And we, in them, no hope to win the day:
So that we fled; the King, unto the Queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you:
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with his power;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Dutchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not;
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
Numb'ring our *Ave Marias* with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say, Ay; and to it, Lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out:
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, Lords: the proud insulting Queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting King, like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the parliament:
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welchmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand;
Why, *via!* to London will we march again;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our foes! —
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day,
That cries, Retire,—if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall; which peril heav'n forefend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In ev'ry borough as we pass along:
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown;
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums; God and St. George
for us!

VOL. V.

K

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts; brave warriors, let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III. *Changes to York.*

*Enter King Henry, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland,
and the Prince of Wales, with drums and trumpets.*

Queen. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That fought to be incompass'd with your crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
To see this sight, it irks my very soul: [wreck;
With-hold revenge, dear God; 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den,

Whose hand is that the forest-bear doth lick?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,

And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows.

He but a Duke, would have his son a King,

And raise his issue like a loving fire:

Thou being a King, blest'd with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him;

Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young;

And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who

Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence!
For shame, my Liege, make them your precedent.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,
What my great-grandfather and grandfire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?
Ah, what a shame was this! look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own to him.

K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill-got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;

And 'would my father had left me no more!

For all the rest is held at such a rate,

As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,

Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin York, 'would thy best friends did know.

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your spirits, our foes are
nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;

Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneel down.

K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight;

And learn this lesson, Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness;

For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York:
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him King; and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the field:
The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll

North. Be it with resolution then to fight. [stay.

Prince. My Royal father, cheer these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *St. George!*

SCENE IV.

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy Sovereign and thy lawful King?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his knees;
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of parliament
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? O! I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any be the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the
crown?

Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick, dare
When you and I met at St. Alban's last, [you speak?
Your

Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.—
Break off the parly, for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland:
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Henry. Have done with words, my Lords, and
hear me speak.

Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee give no limits to my tongue;
I am a King, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy fire nor dam,
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venomous toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a King,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Altho' thy husband may be *Menelaus*:
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this King by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor fire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a show'r for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Had'st thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had slipt our claim until another age.

Cl. But when we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the ax to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle King to speak.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward——

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay;
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.

Changes to a field of battle at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with toil, as runners with a race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe:
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength;
 And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heav'n! or strike, ungentle Death!
 For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my Lord, what hap? what hope
 of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cl. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
 What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings,
 And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's† blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
 And in the very pangs of death he cry'd.
 (Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,)

Warwick, revenge; brother, revenge my death.
 So underneath the belly of their steeds,
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 The Noble Gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly:
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
 And look upon as if the tragedy
 Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
 Here on my knee, I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still,
 Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
 Or Fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
 And

† It was not the Marquis of Montague who was slain in this battle, but a natural brother of the Earl of Warwick.

And in this vow do chain my soul with thine.
 And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
 Thou setter up and plucker down of Kings!
 Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
 That to my foes this body must be prey,
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heav'n may ope,
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!——
 Now, Lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where-e'er it be, in heav'n or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle War-
 Let me embrace thee in my weary arms: [wick,
 I that did never weep, now melt with woe,
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away: once more, sweet Lords, farewell.

Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops;
 And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
 And call them pillars that will stand to us;
 And if we thrive, promise them such rewards,
 As victors wear at the Olympian games.
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
 For yet is hope of life and victory;
 Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain. [Exeunt.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone;
 Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
 And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
 This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
 And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
 To execute the like upon thyself;
 And so have at thee.

They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace,
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.*

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I set me down:
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my Queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good-will were so:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
' O God! methinks it were a happy life
' To be no better than a homely swain;
' To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
' To carve out dials quaintly, point by point.
' Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
' How many make the hour full complete,
' How many hours bring about the day,
' How many days will finish up the year,
' How many years a mortal man may live.
' When this is known, then to divide the time;
' So many hours must I tend my flock,
' So many hours must I take my rest,
' So many hours must I contemplate,
' So many hours must I sport myself;
' So many days my ewes have been with young,
' So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn,
' So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:
' So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
' Past over, to the end they were created,
' Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.'

Ah!

Ah! What a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To Kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treasons wait on him.

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had kill'd his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body. —
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns;
 And I that haply take them from him now,
 May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man to me.
 Who's this? oh God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I un'wares have kill'd.
 Oh heavy times, begetting such events!
 From London by the King was I press'd forth;
 My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks:
 And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter

Enter a Father, bearing his son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see. Is this our foe-man's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Henry. Woe above woe, grief more than common
grief;
O that my death would stay these rueful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses.
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth.
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd!

K. Henry. How will the country, for these woful
Mis-think the King, and not be satisfy'd! [chances,

Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death!

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son!

K. Henry. Was ever King so griev'd for subjects' woe!
Much is your sorrow, mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[Exit.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet,
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go,

My

My fighting breast shall be thy funeral-bell.
 And so obsequious will thy father be,
 Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priant was for all his valiant sons.
 I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will;
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [Exit.

K. Henry. Sad hearted men, much overgone with care,
 Here fits a King more woful than you are.

SCENE VIII.

*Alarms. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of
 Wales, and Exeter.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly; for all your friends are fled,
 And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
 Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you, my Lord, toward Berwick post
 again.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
 Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
 With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
 And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
 Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
 Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
 Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
 Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away! [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. *A loud alarm. Enter Clifford wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
 Which while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
 O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
 More than my body's parting with my soul.
 My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee. [Falling.
 And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
 Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York.
 The common people swarm like summer-flies;
 And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
 And who shines new, but Henry's enemies?
 O Phœbus! hadst thou never giv'n consent

That

That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth:
 And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,
 Or as thy father and his father did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 They never then had sprung like summer-flies.
 I and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 Had left no mourning widows for our death;
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
 And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
 Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*]

Alarum, and retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Montague, Clarence, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, Lords, good fortune bids us pause,

And smoothe the frowns of war with peaceful looks.

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,

That led calm Henry, though he were a King,

As doth a sail fill'd with a fretting gust,

Command an argosie to stem the waves.

But think you, Lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No; 'tis impossible he should escape:

For though before his face I speak the word,

Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans.*]

Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy
 A deadly groan, like life in death departing.

See who it is.

Edw. And now the battle's ended,

If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;

VOL. V.

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Who

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring:
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head.
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there.
Instead whereof let his supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours.
Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think his understanding is bereft.
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O would he did! and so perhaps he doth.
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit;
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cla. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Cla. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Cla. Where's Captain Margaret to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford, swear as thou wast
wont.

Rich. What, not an oath! nay, then the world goes
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath. [hard,
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,

There

There to be crowned England's Royal King:
 From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
 And ask the Lady Bona for thy Queen.
 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together.
 And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again:
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buzz t'offend thine ears.
 First will I see the coronation;
 And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
 T' effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
 For on thy shoulder do I build my seat:
 And never will I undertake the thing,
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Glo'ster;
 And George, of Clarence; Warwick as ourself
 Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence; George, of
 Glo'ster;

For Glo'ster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
 Richard, be Duke of Glo'ster. Now to London,
 To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A wood in Lancashire.

Enter Sinklo and Humphry, with cross-bows in their hands.

Sink. **U**NDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud
 ourselves,

For through this laund anon the deer will come;
 And in this covert will we make our stand,
 Culling the principal of all the deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be: the noise of thy cross-bow
 Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost:
 Here stand we both, and aim we at the best,
 And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Hum. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be pass'd.

Enter King Henry, with a prayer-book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n ev'n of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful fight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee;
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed.
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right:
No not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

Sink. Ay, here's a deer, whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* King, let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four adversities;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My Queen and son are gone to France for
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick [aid:
Is thither gone to crave the French King's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and son! your labour is but lost:
For Warwick is a subtle orator;
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tyger will be mild while she doth mourn;
And Nero would be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick to give:
She on his left side craving aid for Henry;
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says, her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says, his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more!
While Warwick tells his title, smoothes the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,

And

And in conclusion wins the King from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Marg'ret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'st of Kings and
Queens?

K. Henry. More than I seem; and less than I was
A man at least, for less I should not be; [born to;
And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why, so I am in mind, and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy crown?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones;
Not to be seen: my crown is call'd *Content*;
A crown it is that seldom Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with *Content*,
Your crown *Content* and you must be contented
To go along with us. For, as we think,
You are the King, King Edward hath depos'd:
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Hum. No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of
England?

Hum. Here in this country where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine months old,
My father and my grandfather were Kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

Sink. No, we were subjects but while you were King.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths, for of that sin

My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded:
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true subjects to the King, King Edward.

K. Henry. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

Sink. We charge you in God's name, and in the King's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Henry. In God's name lead, your King's name be
obey'd;

And what God will, that let your King perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Gray.

K. Edw. Brother of Glo'ster, at St. Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Gray*, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repofsess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny;
Because, in quarrel of the house of York,
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit:
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant
Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game; how true he keeps the

Glo. Silence. *[wind?]*

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay.
May't please your Highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. Ay, widow! then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An' if what pleases him shall pleasure you:
Fight closer, or good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar.

* *Vid. Hall, 3d year of Edw. IV. folio 5. It was hitherto
falsely printed Richard. Mr. Pope.*

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take 'vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow?
tell me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.

Gray. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's
lands.

Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant 'em then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's
wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

K. Edw. Now, tell me, Madam, do you love your
children?

Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them
good?

Gray. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands to do them
good.

Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Gray. So Shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me if I give them?

Gray. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Gray. Why, then I will do what your Grace com-
mands.

Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the
marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

Gray. Why stops my Lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task, 'tis but to love a King.

Gray. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give
thee.

Gray.

Gray. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made, she seals it with a curt'fy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sence.

What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

Gray. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

Gray. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive.

Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I am to lie with thee.

Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

Gray. Why then, mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

Gray. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and
But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination [me,
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, or with Ay or No.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say Ay to my request;
No, if thou dost say No to my demand.

Gray. Then, No, my Lord; my suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.
Her words do shew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge sovereignty;
One way or other she is for a King;

And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.

Say that King Edward take thee for his Queen?

Gray. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious Lord;
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Gray.

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cail, widow; I did mean my Queen.

Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call
you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have
had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Cl. To whom, my Lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace-gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension,
Widow, go you along: Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Manent Gloucester,*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for.
And yet between my soul's desire and me,

(The

(The lustful Edward's title buried,) Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward; And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies, To take their rooms ere I can place myself. A cold premeditation for my purpose! Why, then I do but dream on sov'reignty, Like one that stands upon a promontory, And spies a far-off shore where he would tread, Wishing his foot were equal with his eye, And chides the sea that sunders him from thence, Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way. So do I wish, the crown being so far off, And so I chide the means that keep me from it; And so (I say) I'll cut the causes off, Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible. My eye's too quick, my heart o'erween too much, Unless my hand and strength could equal them. Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard: What other pleasure can the world afford? I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap, And deck my body in gay ornaments, And 'witch sweet ladies with my words and looks. Oh miserable thought! and more unlikely, Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns. Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb; And, for I should not deal in her soft laws, She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub, To make an envious mountain on my back; Where sits Deformity to mock my body, To shape my legs of an unequal size, To disproportion me in every part: Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp, That carries no impression like the dam. And am I then a man to be belov'd? Oh, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought! Then since this earth affords no joy to me, But to command, to check, to o'erbear such As are of better person than myself; I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the crown; And, while I live, t'account this world but hell. Until the head this mishap'd trunk doth bear,

Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home:
 And I (like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desp'rately to find it out)
 Torment myself to catch the English crown.
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
 And cry, Content, to that which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions:
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk,
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy;
 I can add colours ev'n to the cameleon;
 Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages;
 And set th' aspiring Catiline to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. *Changes to France.*

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Lady Bona, Bourbon, Edward Prince of Wales, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
 And birth, that thou should'st stand while Lewis sits.

Queen. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
 Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great Albion's Queen in former golden days:
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side. Yield not thy neck

[*Sits her by him.*]

To Fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.

Now therefore be it known to Noble Lewis,

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is, of a King, become a banish'd man,

And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;

While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,

Usurps the regal title and the seat

Of England's true anointed lawful King.

This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,

With this my son Prince Edward, Henry's heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

And if thou fail us, all our hope is done,

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:

Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiting, rues to-morrow;
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

SCENE V. *Enter Warwick.*

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Queen. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick: what brings thee to France? [*He descends. She ariseth.*]

Queen. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Sov'reign, and thy vowed friend,
I come (in kindness and unfeigned love)
First to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's King in lawful marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done!

War. And, gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,
[*Speaking to Bona.*]

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand; and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my Sov'reign's heart;
Where fame late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue's.

Queen. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity:
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For tho' usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heav'ns are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret! —

Prince. And why not Queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art Prince than she is Queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;

And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France.
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these Peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years, a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years, [Liege,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Lord
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside, [Oxford,
While I use farther conference with Warwick.

Queen. Heav'ns grant that Warwick's words bewitch
him not! [They stand aloof.

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me even upon thy con-
science,

Is Edward your true King? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eyes?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems

As may befeem a Monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear,

That

That this his love was an external plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.
Yet I confess, that often ere this day, [*Speaks to War.*
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, this: Our sister shall be
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn [*Edward's.*
Touching the jointure that your King must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to th' English King.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English King.

Queen. Deceitful Warwick, it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret.
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace!
Proud setter up and puller down of Kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears
(Both full of truth) I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance†, and thy Lord's false love:

[*Post, blowing a horn within.*

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

M 2

SCENE

† By conveyance is here meant the art of a juggler, tricks of legerdemain.

SCENE VI. *Enter a Post.*

Post. My Lord Ambassador, these letters are for you,
 [To Warwick.
 Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.
 These from our King unto your Majesty.

[To King Lew.
 And, Madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
 [To the Queen. They all read their letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and mistress
 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.
 I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,
 fair Queen?

Queen. Mine such as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your King marry'd the Lady
 And now, to soothe your forgery and his, [Gray?
 Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
 Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
 Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majesty as much before.
 This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heav'n,
 And by the hope I have of heav'nly bliss,
 That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's:
 No more my King; for he dishonours me;
 But most himself, if he could see his shame.
 Did I forget, that by the house of York
 My father came untimely to his death?
 Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece †?
 Did I impale him with the regal crown?
 Did I put Henry from his native right?
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
 Shame on himself, for my desert is honour!
 And to repair my honour lost for him,
 I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
 My Noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor:

† Whom King Edward attempted in the Earl of Warwick's
 house. *Holingshed.*

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to
And I forgive and quite forget old faults, [love,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him.

And, as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Queen. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel; and this English Queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Marga-
Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd, [ret's.
You shall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed King,
That Lewis of France is sending over markers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy King withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I wear the willow garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. — [Exit Post.

K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thyself and Oxford with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this Noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock' bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it:
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? these soldiers shall be
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral, [levy'd,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a Dame of France.

[*Exeunt. Manet Warwick.*]

War. I came from Edward as Ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stake but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The palace in England.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Glo. **N**OW tell me, brother Clarence, what think
you

Of this new marriage with the Lady Gray?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Cla. Alas! you know 'tis far from hence to France:

How

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen, Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings: four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our That you stand pensive, as half malecontent? [choice,

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or th' Earl of Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause.
They are but Lewis and Warwick, and I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our King.
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no: God forbid that I should wish
Them severed whom God hath join'd together:
Pity to sunder them that yoke so well.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your dislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady Gray
Should not become my wife, and England's Queen?
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion, that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be ap-
By such invention as I can devise? [peas'd,

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.
 Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
 Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
 And with their helps alone defend ourselves:
 In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves
 To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant,
 And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well
 To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
 Unto the brother of your loving bride.
 She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
 But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Cl. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
 Of the Lord Bonvill on your new wife's son,
 And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
 That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In chusing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment;
 Which being shallow, you shall give me leave [ment;
 To play the broker in mine own behalf;
 And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be King,
 And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
 To raise my state to title of a Queen.
 Do me but right, and you must all confess
 That I was not ignoble of descent;
 And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
 But as this title honours me and mine,
 So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
 Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
 What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
 So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
 And their true Sovereign, whom they must obey?
 Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
 Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe;
 And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more:

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter a Post.*

K. Edw. Now, Messenger, what letters or what news from France?

Post. My Sovereign Liege, no letters, and few words; But such as I (without your special pardon) Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee. So tell their words, as near as thou canst guess them. What answer makes King Lewis to our letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words: Go tell false Edward, thy supposed King, That Lewis of France is sending over maskers To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me But what said Lady Bona to my marriage? [Henry.]

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain: Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less; She had the wrong. But what said Henry's Queen? For so I heard that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him, (quoth she,) my mourning-weeds are And I am ready to put armour on. [done,

K. Edw. Belike she means to play the Amazon. But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words: Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong: And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd. [words? They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption. But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the younger; Clarence will have the elder. Now, brother King, farewell, and sit you fast; For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter; That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You

You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.]

Glo. Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter.

I stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. *[Aside.]*

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to War-
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen; *[Wick?]*
And haste is needful in this desp'rate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war.
They are already, or will soon be landed.
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.]

But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt: you twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance;
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him.
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so, then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. *[Exe.]*

SCENE III. *In Warwickshire.*

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people swarm by numbers to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come;
Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset. I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart

Hath

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
 Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
 Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
 But welcome, friend, my daughter shall be thine.
 And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
 Thy brother being carelessly incamp'd,
 His foldiers lurking in the towus about,
 And but attended by a simple guard,
 We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
 Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy:
 That as Ulysses and stout Diomed
 With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds:
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
 And seize himself. I say not, slaughter him:
 For I intend but only to surprize him.
 You that will follow me to this attempt,
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry!*]

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
 For Warwick and his friends, God and St. George!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his
 The King by this has set him down to sleep. [stand:

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
 Never to lie and take his natural rest,
 Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
 If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what Nobleman is that
 That with the King here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefeft
 friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? but why commands the King,
 That his chief followers lodge in towus about him,
 While he himself keeps here in the cold field?

2 *Watch.*

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because the more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness; I like it better than a dang'rous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal
But to defend his person from night-foes? [tent,

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French
soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent; and see where stands his guard.
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick! Warwick!
and set upon the guard; who fly, crying, Arms! arms!
Warwick and the rest following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding.

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King
out in a gown, sitting in a chair; Gloucester and Hastings
flying over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings; let them go, here is
the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! why, Warwick, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me King.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my ambassade,
Then I degraded you from being King;
And come now to create you Duke of York,
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Brother of Clarence, and art thou here too?
Nay,

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
 Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
 Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
 Edward will always bear himself as King.
 Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's King;
 [Takes off his crown.]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
 And be true King indeed; thou but a shadow.
 My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
 See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
 Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
 When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
 I'll follow you, and tell you what reply
 Lewis and Lady Bona sent to him.
 Now for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide:
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit King Edward led out forcibly.]

Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
 But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
 To free King Henry from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The palace.*

Enter Rivers, and the Queen.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
 What late misfortune has befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my Sovereign slain?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
 Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
 Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares;
 And, as I further have to understand,
 Is now committed to the Bishop of York,
 Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may,
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb,
This is't that makes me bridle in my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross.
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Left with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Riv. But, Madam, where is Warwick then become?

Queen. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest, King Edward's friends must down.
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that once hath broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

A park near Middleham-castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, [ley,
Into the chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know our King, my brother,
Is pris'ner to the Bishop, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my Lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where the huntmen stand.

Now, brother Glo'ster, Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste,
Your horse stands ready here at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my Lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me, for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go
along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's
frown,

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Tower in London.*

*Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young
Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the
Tower.*

K. Henry. Mr. Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieut. Subjects may challenge nothing of their love-
But if an humble prayer may prevail, [*reign;*]
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Henry. For what, Lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness;
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive, when, after moody thoughts,
 At last, by notes of household harmony,
 They quite forget their loss of liberty.
 But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
 And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee.
 He was the author, thou the instrument.
 Therefore that I may conquer Fortune's spight,
 By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
 And that the people of this blessed land
 May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
 Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
 I here resign my government to thee,
 For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace has still been fam'd for virtuous,
 And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
 By spying and avoiding Fortune's malice;
 For few men rightly temper with the stars;
 Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
 For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
 To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity
 Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
 As likely to be bless'd in peace and war;
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse Clarence only for Protector.

K. Henry. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
 That no dissension hinder government.

I make you both Protectors of this land,
 While I myself will lead a private life;
 And in devotion spend my latter days,
 To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his Sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
 For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:
 We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
 To Henry's body, and supply his place;
 I mean, in bearing weight of government,
 While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
 And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,

Forthwith

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiscated.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your Queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed.
For till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my Sovereign, with all speed.

K. Henry. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Henry. Come hither, England's hope: if secret
powers [Lays his hand on his head.

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unfavoury news; but how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Glo'ster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him,
In secret ambush on the forest-side,
And from the Bishop's huntmen rescu'd him:
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sov'reign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,

And we shall have more wars before't be long.
 As Henry's late presaging prophecy
 Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond;
 So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
 What may befall him, to his harm and ours.
 Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
 Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
 Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
 Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Changes to York.*

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest,
 Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends;
 And says, that once more I shall interchange
 My wained state for Henry's regal crown
 Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
 And brought desired help from Burgundy.
 What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
 From Ravenspurg, before the gates of York,
 But that we enter as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast! brother, I like not this.
 For many men that stumble at the threshold,
 Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush! man, abroadments must not now af-
 By fair or foul means we must enter in, [fright us:
 For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon
 them.

Enter on the walls the Mayor of York, and his brethren.

Mayor. My Lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
 And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
 For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your King,
 Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no less.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my duke-
As being well content with that alone. [dom,

Glo. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [Aside.

Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[He descends.

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, Master Mayor; these gates must not be
But in the night, or in the time of war. [shut
What? fear not, man; but yield me up the keys;

[Takes his keys.
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in
arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgom'ry: but we now
Our title to the crown, and only claim [forget
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well; for I will hence again;
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[The drum begins a march.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll de-
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd. [bate,

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.

Why

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim;

Till then 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sov'reign speaketh like himself:
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet, Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flourish.*

Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of
England, and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whoso'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks
If Fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness. [to all.

Now for this night, let's harbour here in York:

And when the morning-sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward Clarence, evil it beseems thee

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!

Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers, doubt not of the day:

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Changes again to London.*

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, Warwick, Montague, Clarence,
Oxford, and Somerset.*

War. What counsel, Lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,

Hath

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas
And with his troops doth march amain to London,
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,
Those will I muster up; and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My Sov'reign, with the loving citizens,
(Like to his island girt with th' ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,)
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair Lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my Sovereign.

K. Henry. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true
hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords; let's meet at Coventry.
[Exeunt.]

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your Lordship?
Methinks the pow'r that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my deed hath got me
'I have not stop't mine ears to their demands, [fame:
'Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
'My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,'
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My

My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
 Then why should they love Edward more than me?
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! a Lancaster!*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, &c. with Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him
 And once again proclaim us King of England. [hence,
 You are the fount that make small brooks to flow;
 Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry,
 And swell so much the higher, by their ebb.
 Hence with him to the Tow'r, let him not speak.

[*Ex. with King Henry.*]

And, Lords, to Coventry bend we our course,
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
 The sun shines hot; and if we use delay,
 Cold biting winter mars our hop'd for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join;
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the town of Coventry.

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers
 and others, upon the walls.*

War. **W**HERE is the post that came from
 valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter

Enter Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And by thy guess how nigh is Clarence now?

Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my Lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your Honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike unlook'd-for friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parley.

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. Oh, unbid spight! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward King, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought at least he would have said the King;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's
gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling! Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my King, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's King is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,

What

What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more fore-cast,
But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was silyly finger'd from the deck.
You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a fail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide
thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

SCENE II. *Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.*

War. O chearful colours! see where Oxford comes.

Oxf. Oxford! Oxford! for Lancaster!

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle;
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague! Montague! for Lancaster.

Glo. Thou, and thy brother both, shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset! Somerset! for Lancaster.

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle:
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love,
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick call.—

[A parley is sounded; Richard and Clarence whisper together; and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.]

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee.
I will not ruinate my father's house,
(Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,)
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful King?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety,
Than Jephtha's when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wherefoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults;
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate. [below]

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence, this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town
and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently.

VOL. V.

O

And

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads
the way.

Lords, to the field; St. George and victory! [*Exeunt.*
[*March.* Warwick and his company follow.

SCENE III. *A field of battle near Barnet.*

*Alarum and excursions. Enter Edward, bringing forth
Warwick wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our
For Warwick was a bug that scar'd us all. [fear;
Now, Montague, sit fast, I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shews,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the ax's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
These eyes that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres:
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah! Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:

The

The Queen from France hath brought a puissant pow'r;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gasp cry'd out for Warwick:
And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewell, Warwick!—

War. Sweetly rest his soul!
Fly, Lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.
[*They bear away his body, and exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my Lords, those powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came.
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud ingenders not a storm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her.
If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course tow'rd Tewksbury.
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight; for willingness rides away:
And as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along:
Strike up the drum, cry, Courage! and away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to Tewksbury.*

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset,
Oxford, and Soldiers.

Queen. Great Lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their
But chearly seek how to redress their harms. [*lofs,*]
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor, what of that?
And Montague our top-mast, what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the tackle, what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings still?
And though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course (though the rough wind say, No)
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck:
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?

All

All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say you can swim, alas, 'tis but a while;
 Tread on the sand, why, there you quickly sink;
 Bestride the rock, the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
 This speak I, Lords, to let you understand,
 In case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
 Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
 I speak not this, as doubting any here:
 For did I but suspect a fearful man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes;
 Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himself.
 If any such be here, (as God forbid!)
 Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
 Oh, brave young Prince! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee; long may 'st thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
 Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford,
 thanks. [else.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, Lords, for Edward is at hand,
 Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less; it is his policy,
 To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

SCENE VI.

March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood.

Which, by the heav'n's assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,

(For well I wot ye blaze,) to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it, Lords.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should

My tears gain say; for every word I speak, [say,

Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.

Therefore no more but this: Henry, your Sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice: then, in God's name, Lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Alarm. Retreat. Excursions. Both parties go out.

Re-enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. The Queen, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Ed.
Shall have a high reward, and he his life? [ward,

Glo. It is, and, lo! where youthful Edward comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What? can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward,

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Relinquish thy chair; and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Queen. Ah! that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His curriish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you're undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

Glo. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

K. Edw. And take thou that, to end thy agony.

[*Edward stabs him.*]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Clarence stabs him.*]

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.—

[*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too
much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What? doth she swoon? use means for her
recov'ry.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother:
I'll hence to London on a serious matter.

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower!—I'll root 'em out.

Queen. Oh Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy.
 Canst thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!
 They that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,
 Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
 If this foul deed were by to equal it.
 He was a man; this (in respect) a child;
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
 No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak——
 And, I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
 Butchers and villains, bloody canibals,
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropt!
 You have no children. Butchers, if you had
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;
 But if you ever chance to have a child,
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off;
 As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince.

K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here:
 Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
 What? wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Queen. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity."
 What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil-butcher,
 Richard? hard-favour'd Richard, where art thou?
 Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed.
 Petitioner for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!

[*Exit Queen.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London all in post; and, as I guess,
 To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in head.
 Now march we hence, discharge the common sort

With

With pay and thanks; and let's away to London,
 And see our gentle Queen, how well she fares;
 By this I hope she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Tower of London.*

Enter King Henry and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant on the Tower walls.

Glo. Good day, my Lord; what! at your book so hard?

K. Henry. Ay, my good Lord; my Lord, I should say
 'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better: [rather;
 Good Glo'ster, and good devil, were alike,
 And both prepos't'rous; therefore, not good Lord.

Glo. Sir, leave us to ourselves, we must confer.

[Exit Lieutenant.]

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
 So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,
 And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.
 What scene of death hath Richard now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
 With trembling wings misdoubteth ev'ry bush;
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
 Have now the fatal object in my eye,
 Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
 That taught his son the office of a fowl?
 And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, Dedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
 Thy father, Minos that deny'd our course;
 The sun, that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
 Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
 Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words:
 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
 Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Henry. A persecutor I am sure thou art.

If murd'ring innocents be executing,
Why then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine. [presume,
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
(Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,)
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven croak'd hoarse on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.

Glo. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech:
[Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after
this——

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.

Glo. What! will th' aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!
O may such purple tears be always shed,
From those who wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,

[Stabs him again.

I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.——

Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of:
For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
And so I was; which plainly signify'd
That I should snarl and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father;
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word *love*, which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me! I am myself alone. —
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his son, are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room;
And triumph, Henry! in the day of doom. [Exit.

SCENE VIII. *The palace in London.*

Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit on England's royal throne,
Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions.
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands, two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their courfers at the trumpet's sound;
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept Suspicion from our seat,

And

And made our footstool of Security.
 Come hither, Befs, and let me kiss my boy.
 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night;
 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were }
 laid,

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave; } *Aside.*
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my
 back;
 Work thou the way, and that shall execute. }

[*Pointing to his head.*]

K. Edw. Clarence and Glo'ster, love my lovely Queen;
 And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe your Majesty,
 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, Noble Clarence; worthy brother,
 thanks.

Glo. And that I love the tree from whence thou
 sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. —

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
 And cry'd, All hail! when as he meant all } *Aside.*
 harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
 Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with Marga-
 Reignier her father, to the King of France [ret?
 Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
 And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to
 France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
 With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
 Such as besit the pleasure of the court?
 Sound, drums and trumpets; farewell, our Annoy!
 For here I hope begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt omnes.

The

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD IV.	Thomas Lord Stanely, Lord Steward of K. Edward IV.'s household, afterwards Earl of Derby.		
Edward Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward V.	} sons to Edw. IV.	Earl of Oxford,	} friends to the Earl of Richmond.
Richard Duke of York.		Blount,	
George Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.		Herbert,	
Richard Duke of Gloucester, brother to Edward IV. afterwards King Richard III.		Sir Wm Brandon.	
Cardinal, Archbishop of York.		Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.	
Duke of Buckingham.		Two children of the Duke of Clarence.	
Duke of Norfolk.		Lord Mayor.	
Earl of Surrey.		Sir Christopher Urswick, a priest, and chaplain to the Countess of Richmond.	
Marquis of Dorset, son to Queen Elisabeth.		Elisabeth, Queen of Edward IV.	
Earl Rivers, brother to Q. Elisabeth.		Queen Margaret, widow of Henry VI.	
Lord Gray, son to Q. Elisabeth.		Anne, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.	
Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.		Dutchess of York, mother to Edward IV. Clarence, and Richard III.	
Bishop of Ely.		Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III. with Soldiers, and other Attendants.	
Lord Hastings.			
Sir Thomas Vaughan, a friend to the Queen's family.			
Sir Richard Ratcliff,	} friends to the Duke of Gloucester.		
Lord Lovel,			
Catesby,			
Sir James Tyrrel, a villain.			

The SCENE in England.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The court.**Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester solus.*

NOW is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
 And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass;—
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling * Nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up;
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them:
 Why I (in this weak piping time of peace)
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,

To

* By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another; but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body.

To set my brother Clarence and the King
 In deadly hate, the one against the other:
 And if King Edward be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy, which says, that G.
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day; what means this armed guard -
 That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majesty,
 Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is *George*.

Glo. Alack, my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
 He should for that commit your godfathers.
 Belike his Majesty hath some intent,
 That you should be new christened in the Tower.
 But what's the matter, Clarence, may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
 As yet I do not; but, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter *G*;
 And says a wizard told him, that by *G*
 His issue disinherited should be.
 And for my name of *George* begins with *G*,
 It follows in his thought that I am he.
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
 Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women
 'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower;
 My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
 That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
 Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
 Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower?
 From whence this day he is delivered.

We are not safe; Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By Heav'n, I think there is no man secure

But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds,
That trudge between the King and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what;—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery.
The jealous o'erworn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majesty has straitly giv'n in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glo. Ev'n so, an't please your Worship, Brakenbury!
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man—we say the King
Is wise and virtuous; and his Noble Queen
Well strook in years; fair, and not over-jealous—
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue:
That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folk.
How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my Lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. What, fellow? nought to do with Mistress Shore?
I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly.

Brak. What one, my Lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave—wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
And to forbear your conf'rence with the Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell; I will unto the King,
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
(Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,)
I will perform it to infranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace of brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you.
Mean time have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell. [*Exe. Brak. Clar.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return:
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heav'n,
If heav'n will take the present at my hands.
But who comes here? the new deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, Noble Lord, as pris'ners must:
But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy;
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by St. Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?

Hast. He is, my Lord.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heav'n.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
 And leave the world for me to baffle in!
 For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
 What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
 The readiest way to make the wench amends,
 Is to become her husband and her father:
 The which will I, not all so much for love,
 As for another secret close intent,
 Which I, by marrying her, must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market:
 Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns;
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[Exit.

SCENE III. *Changes to a street.*

Enter the corpse of Henry the Sixth, with halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
 If honour may be shrouded in a herse;
 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
 Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 Poor clay-cold figure of a holy King!
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
 Be't lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son;
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds.
 Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Curs'd be the hand that made these fatal holes!
 Curs'd be the heart that had the heart to do it!
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view:
 And that be heir to his unhappiness!

If

If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young Lord and thee!
Come now tow'rds Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there.
And still, as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, while I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse, or, by St. Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gen. My Lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command;
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not, for you are mortal;
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body;
His soul thou canst not hurt; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curs'd.

Anne. Foul dev'l! for God's sake hence, trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell;
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Oh, gentlemen, see! see dead Henry's wounds.
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds, inhumane and unnatural,
Provoke this deluge most unnatural.

O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death.

O Earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death.

Or, Heav'n, with lightning strike the murd'rer dead,

Or, Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;

As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!—

Glo. More wonderful when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,

Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
No excuse current, but to hang thyself. [make

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st. Queen Marg'ret
Thy murd'rous faulchion smoking in his blood: [saw
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'd on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me:
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed! [too
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.—

Glo.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heav'n that hath him.

Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help'd to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method:
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect*.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect.
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure sweet beauty's wreck.
You should not blemish it if I stood by.
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy
life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo.

* Effect, for executioner.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here. Why dost thou spit at me?

[She spits at him.]

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

Not when my father York, and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the flanders-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear:

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my foe,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made

For kissing, Lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay,

Nay, do not pause: for I did kill King Henry;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch: 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 'twas thy heav'nly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men I hope live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Ev'n so thy breast incloseth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby place*;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this Noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons I beseech you

Grant

* A house near Bishopsgate-street belonging to the Duke of Gloucester.

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.
Traffell and Barkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exeunt two with Anne.]

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?

Glo. No, to White-friars, there attend my coming.

[Exeunt with the corse.]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband and his father!
To take her in her heart's extremeſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by:
With God, her conscience, and these bars againſt me,
And I no friends to back my ſuit withal,
But the plain devil, and diſſembling looks;
And yet to win her—All the world to nothing!
Ha!

Hath ſhe forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, ſome three months ſince,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury!
A ſweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, wiſe, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal,
The ſpacious world cannot again afford:—
And will ſhe yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whoſe all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me that halt, and am miſ-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Upon my life, ſhe finds, although I cannot,
Myſelf to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glaſs,

And

And entertain a score or two of tailors
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I have crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But first I'll turn yon fellow into his grave,
 And then return lamenting to my love.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE III. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter the Queen, and Lords Rivers, Gray, and Dorset.

Riv. Have patience, Madam, there's no doubt, his
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health. [Majesty

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead, what wou'd betide of me?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The Heav'ns hath blest'd you with a goodly son,
 To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
 Is put into the trust of Richard Glo'ster,
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. It is concluded he shall be Protector?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded* yet:
 But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Gray. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace!

Stanley. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of
 To your good pray'r will scarcely say Amen; [Stanley,
 Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
 And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

VOL. V.

Q

Stanley.

* *Determined* signifies the final conclusion of the will; *concluded*, what cannot be alter'd, by reason of some act consequent on the final judgment.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness; which I think proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stanley. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen. God grant him health! Did you confer with
him?

Buck. Madam, we did. He seeks to make atonement
Between the Duke of Glo'ster and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. 'Would all were well—but that will never
I fear our happiness is at the height. [He—

Enter Gloucester and Hastings.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complain unto the King,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in mens' faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods, and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating jacks?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your
Grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,
Whom God preserve better than you would wish,
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen.

Queen. Brother of Glo'ster, you mistake the matter,
The King of his own royal disposition;
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
(Aiming belike at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself
Against my children, brother, and myself,)
Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground
Of your ill-will, and thereby may remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch;
Since every jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a jack.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
You envy my advancement and my friends: [Glo'ster.
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Mean time, God grants that we have need of you.
Our brother is imprison'd by your means;
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those,
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence; but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these wild suspects.

Glo. You may deny too that you were the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for—

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, Sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.

What may she not? she may—ay, marry, may she—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a King,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis your grandam had a worser match.—

Queen. My Lord of Glo'ster, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
 By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majesty
 Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
 I had rather be a country servant-maid,
 Than a great Queen with this condition,
 To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at.
 Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

SCENE IV. *Enter Queen Margaret.*

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!
 Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
 Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said,
 I will avouch in presence of the King:
 'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. No, devil! I remember them too well:
 Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
 And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband King,
 I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
 A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
 A liberal rewarder of his friends;
 To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your husband Gray
 Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
 And, Rivers, so were you;—was not your husband,
 In Marg'ret's battle, at St. Alban's, slain?
 Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
 What you have been ere now, and what you are:
 Withal what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
 Ay, and forswore himself, (which Jesu pardon!—)

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!—

Glo. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
 And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up.
 I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
 Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
 I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
 Thou.

Thou cacadæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Glo'ster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our lawful King;
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be! — I had rather be a pedlar.
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof.

Queen. As little joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy were you this country's King;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.

Hear me, ye wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which ye have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that, I being Queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?
Ungentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my
fight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd.
That will I make before I let thee go.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me; [To *Glo.*
And thou, a kingdom; all of you, allegiance.

[To the *Queen.*

The sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my Noble Father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland:
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heav'n,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your King,
As ours by murder, to make him a King!
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live to wail thy childrens' loss,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
By some unlook'd-for accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
shalt hear me.

If heav'n's have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe;
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul;
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou.

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The slave of nature, and the son of hell!

Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!

Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!

Thou wrack of honour, thou detested——

Glo. Margaret.——

Q. Mar. Richard.——

Glo. Ha?——

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
Oh, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against
yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my
fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool, thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself:

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me,

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd
mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your
duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my subjects:
O serve me well; and teach yourselves that duty.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, Master Marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O that your young Nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquis.

Dorf. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,
 "Our ai'ry buildeth in the cedar's top,
 "And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun."

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!
 Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
 Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
 Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
 Your ai'ry buildeth in our ai'ry's nest;
 O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
 As it was won with blood, so be it, lost!

Buck. Peace, peace for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
 Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
 And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
 My charity is outrage, life my shame,
 And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
 In sign of league and amity with thee:
 Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
 Thy garments are not spotted with our blood;
 Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
 The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
 And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.
 O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
 Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
 His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
 Have not to do with him, beware of him;
 Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him,
 And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
 And sooth the devil that I warn thee from? [counsel?
 O, but remember this another day;
 When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
 And say, poor Marg'ret was a prophetess.
 Live each of you the subject to his hate,
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit.

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv.

Riv. And so doth mine: I wonder she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Dorf. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the 'vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, for Clarence, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains;
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like confusion,
To pray for them that hath done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*]

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my Noble Lord.

Queen. Catesby, we come; Lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls,
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother:
Now, they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Gray.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Villains.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my handy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

1 Vill.

1 *Vil.* We are, my Lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to Crosby place.
But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

2 *Vil.* Fear not, my Lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop milstones, when fools' eyes drop
tears.

I like you, lads; about your business; go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Changes to the Tower.*

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you
tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and in falling
Struck me (that sought to stay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!

What

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
 Some lay in dead mens' skulls; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
 That woo'd * the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no: my dream was lengthen'd after life.
 O then began the tempest to my soul:
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cry'd aloud — What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud —
 Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments! —
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Invir'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell:
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak.

* *Woo'd*, for *ogled*.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds;
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
I pr'ythee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep. [rest!]

Brak. I will, my Lord. God give your Grace good
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours, [Aside.
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SCENE VI. *Enter the two Villains.*

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's there?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how cam'st
thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hi-
ther on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him
see our commission, and talk no more.

Brak. [Reads.] I am in this command, to deliver
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the King, and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. [Exit.

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: fare
you well.

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly when he
wakes.

2 *Vil.*

2 *Vil.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, *judgment*, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it: but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of Glo'ster, and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Vil.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies. I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of Glo'ster's purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward. A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe it not: it would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the costard with the hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device, and make a sop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?

2 *Vil.* No; we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You shall have wine enough, my Lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak?

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to——

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so!

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,

To slay the innocent? what's my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have giv'n their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me.

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Vil.*

2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Vil.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for murder too.
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed †,
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm.
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me.
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Glo'ter,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

R 2

2 *Vil.*

† ——— for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel, &c.

2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd; your brother Glo'ster hates you.

Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship.
Bid Glo'ster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Vil.* Ay, millstones, as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Vil.* As snow in harvest:—you deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Vil.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my
Lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Vil.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls *.

1 *Vil.* Relent? 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks.
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come

* ———— and save your souls.

Which if you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not intreat for life? ah! you would beg,
Were you in my distress. ————

1 *Vil.* Relent? &c.

Come thou on my side, and intreat for me *.

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[Stabs him.]

I'll drown you in the malmie-butt within. [Exit.]

2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desp'rately dispatch'd.
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st
me not?

By heav'n the Duke shall know how slack you've been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the Duke is slain. [Exit.]

1 *Vil.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And, when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court.

*Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers,
Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, and other Lords.*

K. Edw. **W**HY, so; now have I done a good
day's work.

You Peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassage

From my Redeemer, to recal me hence.

And now in peace my soul shall part to heav'n,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth;

Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred; swear your love.

Riv. By heav'n, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

R 3

Hast.

* ——— intreat for me.

A begging prince what beggar pities not??

2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord..

1 *Vil.* Take that, &c..

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself is not exempt from this;
Nor your son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you:
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred; so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him, Hastings, love Lord
Marquis.

Dorf. The interchange of love I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
With thy embracements to my wife's allies, [league
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love

[*To the Queen,*

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!——
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Glo'ster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good-time, here comes the Noble Duke.

Enter Gloucester, with Ratcliff.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen;
And

And, princely Peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;

Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,

Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most Sovereign Liege.

Among this princely heap, if any here,

By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly

Have aught committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace,

'Tis death to me to be at enmity.

I hate it, and desire all good mens' love.

First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my duteous service.

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;

Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset,

That all without desert have frown'd on me:

Of you, Lord Woodvile; and, Lord Scales, of you;

Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen; indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive,

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,

More than the infant that is born to-night.

I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holiday shall this be kept hereafter.

I would to God all strifes were well compounded!

My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness

To take our brother Clarence to your Grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows
he is?

Queen. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dorset. Ay, my good Lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 And that a winged Mercury did bear:
 Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
 That came too lag to see him buried.
 God grant that some less noble, and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
 Deserve no worse than wretched Clarence did,
 And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanl. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my service done.

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stanl. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stanl. The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my servant's life,
 Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
 Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?
 And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
 My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought;
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.
 Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescued me?
 And said, Dear Brother, live and be a King?
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me,
 Ev'n in his garments, and did give himself
 All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer;
 You straight are on your knees for pardon,——
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
 But for my brother not a man would speak,

Nor

Nor I, ungracious, spake unto myself
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life:
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
 O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah,
 Poor Clarence! [*Exeunt some with the King and Queen.*
Glo. These are the fruits of rashness: mark'd you not,
 How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
 O! they did urge it still unto the King.
 God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go
 To comfort Edward with our company? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast?
 And cry, O Clarence! my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
 And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
 If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.
 I do lament the sickness of the King,
 As loath to lose him; not your father's death;
 It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam; he is dead.
 The king mine uncle is to blame for this.
 God will revenge it, whom I will importune
 With daily earnest prayers.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you
 Incapable and shallow innocents! [*well.*
 You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Glo'ster
 Told me, the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
 Devis'd impeachments to imprison him;
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

And

And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
 Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
 And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!
 He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?

Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers and Dorset after her.

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
 To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,
 And to myself become an enemy.—

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragic violence.
 Edward, my Lord, thy son, our King, is dead.
 Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
 Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
 If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's;
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
 To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah! so much int'rest have I in thy sorrow,
 As I had title to thy Noble husband.
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
 And liv'd by looking on his images.
 But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
 And I for comfort have but one false glass,
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
 And hast the comfort of thy children left:
 But Death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
 And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
 Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
 (Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
 To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
 How

How can we aid you with our kindred-tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolours likewise be unwept!

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints: *

Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Queen. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I.

Alas! you three, on me threefold distress'd

Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dorf. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,
That with unthankfulness you take his doing.

In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful

With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:

Much more to be thus opposite with Heav'n;

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your son; send straight for him.

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.

Drown desp'rate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

SCENE

* — bring forth complaints:

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,

May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.

Ah, for my husband, &c.

SCENE III.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, and Ratchiff.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our harms by wailing them,
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see you.—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man! —
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out. [*Aside.*

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love.
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept.
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my Lord, lest by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is yet ungovern'd.
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so I think in all.
Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which

Which haply by much company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say, with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meet but few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my sifter, will you go,
To give your censures * in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's sake let not us two stay at home;
For by the way I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a street near the court.*

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour; whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r Lady; seldom comes a better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's
death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, Masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government:

Which in his nonage, counsel under him,

VOL. V.

S

And,

* *Censures, for counsels.*

And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt shall then, and till then govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God
For then this land was famously enrich'd [wot;
With politic grave counsel; then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father;
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Glo'ster;
And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but if God fort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so;
By a divine instinct mens' minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I, I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the court.*

*Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, the
Queen, and the Dutchess of York.*

Arch. I heard they lay the last night at Northampton,
At

At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear, not; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle Glo'ster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And since, methinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flow'rs are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young;
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dutch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have giv'n my uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me
hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast
born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous boy—go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?

Mess. Such news, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mess. Well, Madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Gray are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty Dukes,
Glo'ster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd.
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lady.

Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne:
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were tofs'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves the conquerors
Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,
Self against self; O most preposterous
And frantic outrage! end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep; and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*In London.**The trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop, with others.*

Buck. WELCOME, sweet Prince, to London,
to your chamber*.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign;
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle, but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy.
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want are dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts;
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they
were none.

Glo. My Lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet
you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy
days!

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us whither they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord. What, will our mother
come?

S 3

Hast.

* London was anciently called *Camera regia*, Mr. Pope.

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord-Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if she be
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional *.
Weigh it but with the greenness of his age,
You break not sanctuary, in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place;
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men,
But sanctuary-children ne'er till now.

Arch. My Lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once;
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my Lord.

[*Exeunt Archbishop and Hastings.*]

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you
Say, uncle Glo'ster, if our brother come, [may..]
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your Royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two

Your

* Ceremonious, for superstitious; traditional, for adherent to old customs.

Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages have rebuilt.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere entail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters Fame lives long.
Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity
I moralize: two meanings in one word. } *Aside.*

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live.
Death made no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. An' if I live until I be man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short summer lightly has a forward spring.

Enter York, Hastings, and Archbishop.

Buck. Now in good time here comes the Duke of
York.

Prince. Richard of York, how fares our Noble brother?

York. Well, my dread Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours;
Too late he dy'd that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, Noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my Lord,
You

You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prin. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being a toy, it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then I see you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar *Nay*.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little Lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk;
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.
Because that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious Lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What? will you go unto the Tower, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York.

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An' if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, and Archbishop.*]

SCENE II.

Manent Gloucester, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a par'lous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come, Catesby, thou art
As deeply to effect what we intend, [sworn
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way:
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make Lord William Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this Noble Duke
In the seat-royal of this famous isle?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more than this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To set about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William; tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my Lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there you shall find us both.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Buck. My Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do;
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the King my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come; let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord,——

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from Lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears by what I have to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this night
He dream'd the boar had ras'd off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.

Therefore

Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him tow'ards the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separated councils.
His Honour and myself are at the one;
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance;
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chace.
Go, bid thy master rise, and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my Noble Lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?

Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my Lord;
And I believe will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the

Cates. Ay, my good Lord. [crown?

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoul-
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd. [ders,
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cates. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind!

Haft. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Haft. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cates. The princes both make high account of you—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

Haft. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord, good morrow; and good morrow,
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood, [*Catesby.*]
I do not like these several councils, I.

Haft. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours.
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure;
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercaft.

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we tow'rd the Tower? the day is spent.

Haft. Come, come, have with you: wot ye what, my
Lord?

To-day the Lords you talk of, are beheaded.

Stan.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my Lord, away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.*]

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

Pursf. The better that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet.
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies;
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Pursf. God hold it to your Honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse.*]

Pursf. I thank your Honour.

[*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to see your Honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart;
I'm in your debt for your last exercise.
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

[*He whispers.*]

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest,
Your Honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you tow'rd the Tower?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I shall not stay.
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not.

[*Aside.*

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Pomfret castle.*

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberts, carrying Lord Rivers, Lord Gray, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, to death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to Noble Peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second, here, was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Gray. Now Marg'ret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings. O remember, God!
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us.
As for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood;
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come, Gray; come, Vaughan; let us all embrace;

Farewell, until we meet again in heav'n.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Tower.*

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Catesby, Lovel, with others, at a table.

Hast. Now, Noble Peers, the cause why we are met

Is

Is to determine of the coronation.

In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and want but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well.
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not founded him; nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein.
But you, my Noble Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice;
Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My Noble Lords and cousins all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part;
I mean your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder.
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will; my Lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Ely.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath founded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's son, as worshipfully he terms it,

Buck. And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not.

[*Aside.*

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

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Farewell, until we meet again in heav'n. [*Exeunt.*

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Lovell, with others, at a table.*

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Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

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I have been long a sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

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I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

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[*Exit Ely.*]

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Catesby hath founded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's son, as worshipfully he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while; I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Glo. and Buck.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord the Duke of Gloucester?
I have sent straitway for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks chearfully and smooth this morning:

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good mornow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face strait shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he shew'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms.

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence,
To doom th' offenders, whosoe'er they be,
I say, my Lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up.
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord—

Glo. If? thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Ifs? thou art a traitor—
Off with his head—now, by St. Paul I swear,

I will!

I will not dine until I see the same.
 Lovel and Catesby,—look that it be done.
 The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Lovel and Catesby, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me!
 For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
 Stanley did dream the boar did raise our helms;
 But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.
 Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
 And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
 As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
 O, now I need the priest that spake to me.
 I now repent I told the pursuivant,
 As too triumphing, how mine enemies
 To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
 And I myself secure in grace and favour.
 Oh, Marg'ret, Marg'ret, now thy heavy curse
 Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cates. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner.

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
 Who builds his hope in th' air of your fair looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 Ready with every nod to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
 I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee
 That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
 Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head.
 They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Tower-walls.*

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty armour, marvellous ill favour'd.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy
 Murder thy breath in middle of a word, [colour,
 And then again begin, and stop again,

As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side;
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.

Glo. Here comes the Mayor.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. Lord Mayor—

Enter the Lord Mayor, attended.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, a drum!

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us?

Enter Lovel and Catesby with Hastings's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Catesby and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest, harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian:
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That (his apparent open guilt omitted;
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife)
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor—
Would you imagine, or almost believe, [tor—
(Were't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it,) that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Glo'ster.

Mayor. What? had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death;

But.

But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our person's safety,
Inforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had not we determin'd he should die,
Until your Lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented;
Because, my Lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and tim'rously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. Tut! my good Lord, your Grace's word shall
As well as I had seen and heard him speak: [serve,
And do not doubt, right noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Mayor.

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guild-hall hies him in all post.
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children;
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying, he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, lust'd to make a prey.

Nay,

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that insatiate Edward, Noble York
 My princely father then had wars in France;
 And by just computation of the time,
 Found that the issue was not his begot:
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the Noble Duke my father.
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
 Because, my Lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the orator,
 As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
 Were for myself: and so, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle*,
 Where you shall find me well accompanied
 With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four o' clock
 Look for the news that the Guild hall affords. [*Exit Buck.*]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;
 Go thou to Friar Peuker; bid them both [*To Catesby.*]
 Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt Lov. and Catesb. severally.*]

Now will I go to take some privy order
 To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
 And to give order, that no sort of person
 Have any time recourse unto the princes.

[*Exit.*]

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is th' indictment of the good Lord Haft-
 Which in a set hand fairly is ingross'd, [ings,
 That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:
 And mark how well the sequel hangs together.
 Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
 For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me:
 The precedent was full as long a-doing.
 And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
 Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
 Here's a good world the while;—who is so gross,
 That cannot see this palpable device?
 Yet who so bold, but says he sees it not?
 Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,

When

* A house in Thames-street belonging to the Duke of Gloucester.

When such ill dealings must be seen in thought. [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Changes to Baynard's castle.*

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.

Glo. How now, how now, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
Th' unsatiate greediness of his desires,
And his inforcement of the city-wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.

Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland;
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.
And when my oratory grew tow'rd end,
I bid them that did love their country's good,
Cry, God save Richard, England's Royal King!

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me: they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful silence?
His answer was, the people were not used
To be spoke to except by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, God save King Richard!!
And thus I took the vantage of those few:

Thanks,

Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I;
 This general applause and chearful shout
 Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, they would
 not speak?

Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; pretend some fear;
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit;
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my Lord;
 For on that ground I'll build a holy descant:
 And be not easily won to our requests:
 Play the maid's part, still answer *Nay*, and take it.

Glo. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say *Nay* to thee, for myself,
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue. [*Ex. Glo.*]

Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord. I dance attendance here;
 I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Catesby, what says your Lord to my request?

Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day;
 He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation;
 And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke;
 Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
 In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
 No less importing than our gen'ral good,
 Are come to have some conf'rence with his Grace.

Catesby. I'll signify so much unto him strait. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ah! my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:
 He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
 But on his knees at meditation;
 Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,

But

But meditating with two deep divines;
 Not sleeping to ingross his idle body,
 But praying to enrich his watchful soul.
 Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
 Take on his Grace the sov'reignty thereof;
 But, sure, I fear we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God shield his Grace should say us *Nay!*

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says his Grace?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled
 Such troops of citizens to come to him,
 His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
 He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble cousin should
 Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
 By Heav'n we come to him in perfect love;

[Exit Catesby.]

And so once more return, and tell his Grace.
 When holy and devout religious men
 Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Gloucester above, between two clergymen. Catesby returns.

Mayor. See where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen.

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
 To stay him from the fall of vanity:
 And see a book of prayer in his hand,
 True ornaments to know a holy man.
 Famous Plantagenet! most gracious prince,
 Lend favourable ear to our requests,
 And pardon us the interruption
 Of thy devotion and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apology;
 I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,

Deferr'd

Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

Buck. Ev'n that I hope which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord: would it might please
your Grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs:
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd into th' swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion:
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as Protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood.
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consoorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sov'reignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me:

If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
 And then in speaking not incur the last,
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, were there need:
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of Time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty;
 And make us, doubtless, happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars;
 Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My Lord, this argues conscience in your Grace:
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say that Edward is your brother's son;
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
 For first was he contract to Lady Lucy;
 Your mother lives a witness to that vow;
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the King of France.
 These both put off, a poor petitioner,
 A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
 A beauty-waning, and distressed widow,
 Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye;
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy.

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence of some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my Lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing time,
 Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.

Cates. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas! why would you heap these cares on me?
 I am unfit for state and majesty.
 I do beseech you take it not amiss;
 I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,
 Loath to depose the child, your brother's son,
 (As well we know your tenderness of heart,
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
 Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
 And equally indeed to all estates;)
 Yet know, wher you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our King;
 But we will plant some other in the throne,
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
 And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more. [*Exeunt.*]

Cates. Call them again, sweet Prince, accept their suit;
 If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
 Call them again; I am not made of stone,

[*Exit Catesby.*]

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
 Since you will buckle Fortune on my back
 To bear her burden, whether I will or no,

I must

I must have patience to endure the load.
 But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof.
 For God doth know, and you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God bless your Grace! we see it, and will
 say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,
 Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Ev'n when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your Grace,
 And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.
 Farewell, my cousin; farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter the Queen, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of Dorset, at one door; Anne Dutchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter, at the other.

Dutch. **W**HO meets us here? my niece Planta-
 genet,

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glo'ster?

Now, for my life she's wand'ring to the Tower,

On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.

Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
 A happy and a joyful time of day!

Queen. Sister, well met; whither away so fast?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
 Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
 To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?

Lieut. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charged the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's that?

Lieut. I mean the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their fights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieut. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit Lieut.*]

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother
And rev'rend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come, Madam, you must strait to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richard's Royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news!

Dorf. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your
Grace!

Queen. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the sea;
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Marg'ret's curse;
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, Madam;
Take

Take all the swift advantage of the time;
 You shall have letters from me to my son
 In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
 Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
 O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
 A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
 Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
 O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
 Of golden metal that must round my brow,
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
 And die, ere men can say, God save the Queen!

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
 To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he that is my husband now,
 Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
 Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
 And that dear saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
 O when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 This was my wish, ' Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
 ' For making me, so young, so old a widow!
 ' And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
 ' And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
 ' More miserable by the life of thee,
 ' Than thou hast made me by my dear Lord's death!
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Within so small a time, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey-words,
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
 Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his tim'rous dreams was still awak'd:
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dorf. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Dorset.*]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!

[*To Anne.*]

Go thou to sanctuary, good thoughts possess thee!

[*To the Queen.*]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Queen. Stay; yet look back with me unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom Envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish Sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to the court.*

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King, Buckingham, Catesby.

K. Rich. Stand all apart—cousin of Buckingham,

Buck. My gracious Sovereign!

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham! now do I ply the touch*,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:

Young Edward lives—think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned Liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so—but Edward lives—

Buck. True, Noble Prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should live—True, Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

Shall

* i. e. Apply the touchstone.

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead?
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes;
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear
Before I positively speak in this: [Lord,
I will resolve your Grace immediately. [Exit Buck.

Cates. The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

[Aside.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespectful * boys; none are for me
That look into me with confid'rate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy,——

Page. My Lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my Lord, is *Tyrrel*.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go call him hither.

[Exit Boy.

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?

Stan. My Lord,

The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby; rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

Whom

* Unrespectful, for unheeding.

Whom I will marry strait to Clarence' daughter.—
 (The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.)
 Look how thou dream'st—I say again, give out,
 That Anne my Queen is sick, and like to die.
 About it; for it stands me much upon
 To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.
 I must be married to my brother's daughter,
 Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:
 Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
 Uncertain * way of gain! but I am in
 So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
 Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy name *Tyrrel*?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou indeed? [*He takes him aside.*]

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
 Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
 Are they that I would have thee deal upon;
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
 And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, *Tyrrel*;

Go, by this token—rise; and lend thine ear——

[*Whispers.*]

There is no more but so—say, it is done,
 And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it strait.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
 That late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Rich.

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord. [*mond.*]

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son; well, look
 to it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
 For

* *Uncertain* here used for *unconstant*.

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me——Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A King, perhaps——

Buck. My Lord,——

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that
time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My Lord, your promise for the earldom——

K. Rich. Richmond? when I was last at Exeter,
The Mayor in courtesy shewed me the castle,
And call'd it *Rouge-mont*: at which name I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My Lord,——

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. But what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a jack, thou keep'st the
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation. [stroke
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein.

[Exit.]

Buck. Is it ev'n so? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Enter Tyrrel.*

Tyr. 'The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
'The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
'That

' That ever yet this land was guilty of!
 ' Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
 ' To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 ' Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 ' Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
 ' Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.
 ' Thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle babes;
 ' Thus, thus, (quoth Forrest,) girdling one another
 ' Within their innocent alabaster arms:
 ' Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 ' And in their summer-beauty kiss'd each other.
 ' A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
 ' Which once (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my mind.
 ' But oh! the devil——there the villains stopp'd:
 ' When Dighton thus told on——we smothered
 ' The most replenished sweet work of nature,
 ' That from the prime creation e'er she framed——
 ' Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
 ' They could not speak, and so I left them both,
 ' To bear these tidings to the bloody King.'

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my Sovereign Lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel——am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy then;
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my Lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, soon after supper,
 When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
 Mean time——but think how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.
 Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. *[Exit.]*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close:
 His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
 The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom;
 And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.

Now,

Now, for I know the Briton Richmond aims
At young Elisabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Lord, ——— [bluntly?

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so

Cates. Bad news, my Lord. Morton * is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.

"Then fiery expedition be my wing,

"Jove's Mercury, and herald for a King!"

Go, muster men; my counsel is my shield;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Enter Queen Margaret.*

Q. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.

A dire induction am I witness to;

And will to France, hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Marg'ret! Who comes here?

Enter the Dutchess of York and Queen.

Queen. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that wrong for wrong
Hath dimm'd your infant-morn to aged night.

Dutch.

* Bishop of Ely.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
Why didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy'd, and my sweet son *.

Queen. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,

[*Throwing herself down upon the earth.*

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniority;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou had'st a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death;
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body;

And

* ———— and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost.
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due, by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Queen. Ah, that thou would'st, &c.

And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan!

Dutch. Oh, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge.
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
Th' adulterer Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls,
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Insues his piteous and unpitied end.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, for ven-
geance.

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Queen. Oh! thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was,
The flatt'ring index of a direful page;
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A Queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the Queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;

For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
 For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou now
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
 From which, ev'n here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife, and Queen of sad mischance;
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Queen. O thou well-skill'd in curses! stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day.
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
 And he that slew them, fouler than he is:
 Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
 Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull; O! quicken them with
 thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
 like mine. [*Exit Margaret.*]

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attorneys to their client-woes,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!
 Let them have scope; tho' what they do impart,
 Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*Drum within.*]

I hear his drum, be copious in exclams.

SCENE V. *Enter King Richard and his train.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch.

Dutch. O, that she might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch; that thou hast done.

Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown;
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son? [Clarence?

Queen. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Gray?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.

[*Flourish.* *Alarums.*

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatiencé.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain, and agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well;
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

"Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

"Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and furious;

"Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;

"Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody."

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company?*

X 2

K. Rich.

* ———— in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none but Humphry Houre, that call'd your Grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so, &c.

K. Rich. If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your Grace.
Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pr'ythee hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So,——

Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end!

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit to
curse

Abides in me, I say Amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must speak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter; for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd *Elisabeth*,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd from bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Queen. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. No, at their births good stars were opposite.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Queen. True; when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins?

Queen. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt, the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars;
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be discover'd, that can do me good!

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle
Lady.

Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type * of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it.
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou devise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou suppos'est I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness do.

X 3

K. Rich.

* i. e. The throne.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Queen. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?

K. Rich. Ev'n he that makes her Queen; who else should be?

Queen. What, thou!

K. Rich. Even so; how think you of it?

Queen. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. With all my heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and *York*; then haply will she weep.
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Marg'aret*
Did to thy father, steep'd in *Rutland's* blood,
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple tide from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle *Clarence*,
Her uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anne*.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Queen.

Queen. Nay then, indeed, she cannot chuse but hate
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil. [thee,

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doating title of a mother.
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but a son being King;
And by that loss your daughter is made *Queen*.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions, and great dignity.
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter *wife*,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset *brother*.
Again shall you be mother to a King;
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see.
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go,
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage-joys.

And

And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Queen. What were I best to say, her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance:

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command, en-
treats——

Queen. That at her hands which the King's King
forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen——

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title ever last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.

Queen. As long as hell and Richard like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her subject now.

Queen. But she, your subject, loathes such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms, tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick *.

Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown——

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen:

* —— and too quick.

Queen. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave;
Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam; that is past.
Now, by my George, &c.

Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world——

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death——

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then by myself.

Queen. Thyself thyself misuseth.

K. Rich. Why then, by heav'n——

Queen. Heav'n's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav'n,
The unity the King my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,
Th' imperial metal circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here;
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By time to come.

Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast:
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants to wail it in their age*.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound;
Heaven and Fortune bar me happy hours;
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest;
Be opposite all planets of good luck

To

* ——— to wail it in their age.

Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend, &c.

To my proceeding; if with pure heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
 In her consists my happiness and thine;
 Without her, follows to myself and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
 It cannot be avoided but by this;
 It will not be avoided but by this.
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
 Be the attorney of my love to her;
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
 Urge the necessity and state of times;
 And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them;
 Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go; write to me shortly.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kisses, and so farewell—

[*Exit Queen.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman.

SCENE VI. *Ratcliff.*

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast
 Rideth a puissant navy: to our shores
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral:
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
 Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he? [Norfolk.]

Cates. Here, my good Lord.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the Duke.

Cates. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither, post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither——Dull unmindful villain,
[*To Catesby.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O true, good Catesby—bid him levy strait
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cates. I go. [Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before
I go?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd——

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my Liege, to please you with the hearing:

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad:
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news!

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's King, but great York's heir?

Then tell me, what makes he upon the sea?

Stan. Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the
north,

When they should serve their Sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King;
Please it your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st fain be gone to join with
But I'll not trust thee. [Richmond

Stan. Mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men; but leave behind
Your son George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you!

[Exit Stanley.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Sov'reign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edmund Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the Guilfords are in arms,
And every hour still more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the army of the Duke of Bucking-
ham——

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls *! nothing but songs of death?

[*He strikes him.*]

There take thou that, till thou bring better news.

Mess. The news I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. Oh! I cry thee mercy!
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkshire are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest.
Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party; he mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away tow'rds Salisbury; while we reason
A royal battle might be won and lost. [here,
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Lord Stanley's house.**Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.*

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone, commend me to thy Lord.
Say too, the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Hav'rford-west in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many others of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy Lord: I kiss his hand;
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Salisbury.**Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberts, led to execution.*

Buck. **W**ILL not King Richard let me speak
with him?

Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Gray and
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, [Rivers,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand, corrupted, foul injustice;
If that your moody, discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!

This

This is *All-souls* day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my Lord.

Buck. Why, then *All-souls* day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This, this *All-souls* day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respect * of my wrongs.
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.
Thus Marg'ret's curse falls heavy on my head:
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Marg'ret was a prophetess.
Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt Buckingham, Sheriff, and Officers.*]

SCENE II.

On the borders of Leicestershire. A camp.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Rich. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar
That spoil'd your summer-fields, and fruitful vines,
Swill'd your warm blood like wash, and made his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine
Lies now e'en in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.

Y 2

In

* i. e. Requital.

In God's name, chearly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Rich. All for our 'vantage; then, in God's name,
march.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Changes to Bosworth field.*

*Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Surrey, Ratcliff,
Catesby, and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad? [field.]

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,——

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege. [not?]

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: ha, must we

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent, here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow?—well, all's one for that.
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or sev'n thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account;
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent: come, Noble Gentlemen,

Let us survey the 'vantage of the ground.

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, Lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to another part of Bosworth field.*

*Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and
Dorset.*

Rich. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard;
The Earl of Pembroke keep his regiment;
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him;
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou goest;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd? dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it.

Rich. Give me some ink and paper; in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

SCENE *changes back to King Richard's tent.*

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cates. 'Tis supper-time, my Lord;
'Tis nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Catesby!——

Cates. My Lord?

K. Rich. Send out a purfuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Fill me a bowl of wine—give me a watch——

[*To Ratcliff.*

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow:
Look that my slaves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,——

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northum-
berland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the foldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have——
There, set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my Lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me now, I say.

[*Exit Ratcliff.*

SCENE IV. *Changes back to Richmond's tent.*

Enter Stanley to Richmond: Lords, &c.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Rich. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, Noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares it with our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother;
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that——The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.

I, as

I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell; the leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so-long-sund' red friends should dwell upon.
 God give us leisure for these rites of love!
 Once more, adieu; be valiant, and speed well.

Rich. Good Lords, conduct him to his regiment;
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
 Lest leaden slumber poize me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory:
 Once more good night, kind Lords and Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt. Manet Richmond.*]

O thou! whose Captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory.
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
 Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still!

[*Sleeps.*]

SCENE V.

Between the tents of Richard and Richmond: they sleeping.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry VI.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To K. Rich.*]

Think how thou stabb'd'st me in the prime of youth
 At Tewksbury; therefore despair, and die.

Be chearful, Richmond; for the wronged souls

[*To Richm.*]

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf;
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter

Enter the Ghost of Henry VI.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body

[*To K. Rich.*

By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the Tower and me; despair, and die.
Henry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror: [*To Richm.*
Harry, that prophesy'd thou shouldst be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live thou and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To K. Rich.*

I, that was wash'd to death in fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair, and die.

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[*To Richmond.*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! live and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To K. Rich.*

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret: despair, and die.

Gray. Think upon Gray, and let thy soul despair.

To K. Rich.

Vaug. Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance! Richard, despair, and die.

To K. Rich.

All. Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him.—Awake, and win the day.

[*To Richm.*

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[*To K. Rich.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days:
Think on Lord Hastings; and despair, and die.

Quiet.

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake! [To Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghost. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
[To K. Rich.

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace; and wake in joy.

[To Richm.

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings——
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne his wife.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy
wife, [To K. Rich.

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die.

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep:

[To Richm.

Dream of success and happy victory,
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
[To K. Rich.

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.

I dy'd for hope ere I could lend thee aid: [To Richm.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd;
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish.

[K. Richard starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse—bind up my wounds.
Have

Have mercy, Jesu—Soft, I did but dream.
 O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
 The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What? do I fear myself? there's none else by;
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murd'rer here? No. Yes, I am.*
 My conscience hath a thousand sev'ral tongues,
 And ev'ry tongue brings in a sev'ral tale,
 And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury in high'st degree,
 Murder, stern murder in the dir'st degree,
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, all crying, Guilty, guilty!
 I shall despair: there is no creature loves me:
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me†.
 Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent, and ev'ry one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my Lord. The early village-cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear—

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night

Have

* ——— no; yes, I am.

Then fly—What, from myself? Great reason; Why?

Left I revenge. What? myself on myself?

I love myself. Wherefore? for any good

That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself,

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain; yet I lye, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well—Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath, &c.

† ——— no soul shall pity me.

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself.

Methought the souls, &c.

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Rich. 'Cry mercy, Lords and Watchful Gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my Lords.
Methought their souls whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried, *On! Victory!*

I promise you my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Rich. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side:
The pray'rs of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, Gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him.
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then if you fight against God's enemy,

God

God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You'll sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain:
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire:
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors:
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face:
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
 God, and Saint George! Richmond, and Victory!

SCENE VII.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd, and said, The better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' th' right; and so indeed it is.

Tell the clock there—give me a kalendar.

[Clock strikes.]

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
 He should have brav'd the east an hour ago——

A black day it will be to some body. Ratcliff!

Rat. My Lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
 The sky doth frown and lowr upon our army——
 I would these dewy tears were from the ground——
 Not shine to-day? why, what is that to me
 More than to Richmond? for the self-same heav'n
 That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my Lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle—caparison my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power;

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My forward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot:

Our archers shall be placed in the midst;

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.

They thus directed, we ourself will follow

In the main battle, which on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:

This and St. George to boot!—What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign.

This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*

Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,

[*Reads.*

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

K. Rich. A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, Gentlemen; go, each man to his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,

If not to heav'n, then hand in hand to hell.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal;

A sort of vagabonds, of rascals, runaways,

A scum of Britons, and base lackey-peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate adventures and destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:

You having lands, and blest'd with beauteous wives,

They would distraint the one, distraint the other.

And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at his mother's cost?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow.
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
 Lash hence these over-weeping rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not those bastard Britons, whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And on record left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, Gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

Nor. My Lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.
 Upon them! victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue:
 The King enacts more wonders than a man,
 A daring opposite to every danger!
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
 Rescue, fair Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Catesby.

Cates. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight,
Richard is slain.

Retreat and flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the
crown, with divers other Lords.

Rich. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours! the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit
Lo, here these long-usurped royalties, [thee:
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it.

Rich. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!
But tell me first, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my Lord, and safe in Leiceſter town;
Whither, if you ſo pleaſe, we may withdraw us.

Rich. What men of name are ſlain on either ſide?

Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter the Lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Sir William Brandon.

Rich. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the ſoldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will return to us.
And then, as we have ta'en the ſacrament,
We will unite the white roſe and the red.
Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and ſays not, Amen?
England hath long been mad, and ſcarr'd herſelf;
The brother blindly ſhed the brother's blood,
The father rafhly ſlaughter'd his own ſon,
The ſons, compell'd, been butchers to the fire †:

Z 2

O now

† ——— butchers to the fire:
All this divided York and Lancaſter,
Divided in their dire diſiſion.
O now let, &c.

O now let Richmond and Elifabeth,
The true succeders of his royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and fair prosp'rous days.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood.
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say, Amen!

[*Exeunt.*]

THE

THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY VIII.
 Cardinal Wolsey, his first minister and favourite.
 Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.
 Duke of Norfolk.
 Duke of Buckingham.
 Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.
 Earl of Surrey.
 Lord Chamberlain.
 Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legate,
 Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
 Sir Thomas Audleic, Lord Keeper after Sir Thomas More; and then Lord Chancellor.
 Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
 Bishop of Lincoln.
 Lord Abergavenny.
 Lord Sands.
 Sir Henry Guildford.
 Sir Thomas Lovell.
 Sir Anthony Denny.
 Sir Nicholas Vaux.
 Sir William Sands.

Cromwell, first servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.
 Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Q. Catharine.
 Three Gentlemen.
 Doctor Butts, physician to the King.
 Garter, King at Arms.
 Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
 Brandon, and Serjeant at Arms.
 Door-keeper of the council-chamber.
 Porter, and his man.
 Queen Catharine, first wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
 Anne Bullen, beloved by the King, and afterwards married to him.
 An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
 Patience, Woman of the bed-chamber to Queen Catharine.
 Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shews. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

P R O L O G U E.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe;
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,

Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horseback,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
Such a compounded one? [weigh'd]

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost:
The view of earthly glory. Men might say
Till this time Pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders, its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like Heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them; that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure.† When these suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that old fabulous story
(Being now seen possible enough) got credit;
That Bevis ‡ was believ'd.

Buck.

† *Censure*, for *determination*, of which had the noblest appearance.

‡ The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. Mr Pope.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour, honesty; the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, sure, that promises no element †
In such a business.

Buck. Pray you, who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the Right Rev'rend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet, surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants; but spider-like
Out of his self-drawn web;—this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives, which buys for him
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him. Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before; and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. But why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without

† *Element*, for talent, capacity.

Without the privy o' th' King, t' appoint
 Who should attend him? He makes up the file
 Of all the gentry: for the most part such,
 On whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay: and his own letter only
 (The honourable board of council out),
 Must fetch in him he papers*.

Aber. I do know
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
 Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
 For this great journey. What did this great vanity
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly, I think,
 The peace between the French and us not values
 The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. † Every man,
 After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
 A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke
 Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
 The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:
 For France hath slaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
 Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
 Th' ambassador is silenc'd ‡?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
 At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business.

Our

* He *papers*, a verb. His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down. Mr. Pope.

† Hall says, "Monday, 18th day of June, there blew such storms of wind and weather, that marvel was to hear; for which hideous tempest some said, it was a very prognostication of trouble and hatred to come between princes." In Henry VIII. p. 80.

‡ *Silenc'd for recall'd.*

Our Rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes tow'ards you
Honour and plenteous † safety,) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge; 'tis long, and 't may be said
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

SCENE II.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain
of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers; the Car-
dinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and
Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more;
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Cardinal and his train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance, that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object: at this instant

He

† Plenteous, for full, entire.

He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King.
I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my Lord;

And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me, like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's diff'rence in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
Seeming t' augment it, wastes it? be advis'd.
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,

I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere † motions; by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as
strong

As shore of rock.——Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't,) his mind and place

Infecting

† In the sense of *syncerus*, *Lat. legitimate*, out of love to my
country, and from no private prejudices.

Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
 Only to shew his pomp, as well in France
 As here at home, suggests † the King our master
 To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
 Did break i' th' rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir.—This cunning
 The articles o' th' combination drew, [Cardinal
 As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
 As he cry'd, *Let it be*—to as much end,
 As give a crutch to th' dead. But our court Cardinal
 Has done this, and 'tis well—for worthy Wolsey,
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To th' old dam, treason,) Charles the Emperor,
 Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,
 (For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
 To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation.
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt
 England and France might through their amity
 Breed him some prejudice: for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
 Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
 Which I do well—for I am sure the Emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
 Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the Emp'ror thus desir'd,
 That he would please to alter the King's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,
 (As soon he shall by me,) that thus the Cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish you were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable.
 I do pronounce him in that very shape
 He shall appear in proof.

SCENE

† Suggests, for excites.

SCENE III.

Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the guard.

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,

My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hertford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord Abergamny, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t' attach Lord Montague, and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, John de la Cote,
And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' th' plot. No more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o' th' Chartreux.

Buck. Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spann'd already.
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My Lord, farewell. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the council-chamber.*

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell; the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' th' level
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's in person;
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen usher'd by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take your place by us; half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconfider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although, [To Wolsey.
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions; yet the King our master
(Whose honour Heav'n shield from foil) ev'n he 'scapes
Language unmannerly; yea such which breaks [not
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them:

King. How! taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike †, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sov'reign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still, exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Come thro' commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd your wars in France. This makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; all their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; and 'tis come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave

A a 2

To

† *Alike, for equally to all.*

To each incens'd will. I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censures; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick * interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit,
Or sit state-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution!—Why, we take
From ev'ry tree, lop †, bark, and part o' th' timber:
And though we leave it with a root thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: pray look to't;

I put

* Prejudiced.

† *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the branches.

I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me, let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

[*Exit Secretary.*

SCENE V. *Enter Surveyor.*

Queen. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many.

The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see when noble benefits * shall prove
Not well dispos'd †, the mind grown once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms ‡, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so 'complish'd,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with list'ning ravish'd, could not find
His hour of speech, a minute; he, my Lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit, you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words

A 3

I've

* Benefits, for accomplishments.

† Dispos'd, for placed, situate.

‡ Forms, for habits; which he afterwards calls monstrous habits.

I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergarnny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
His dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wish to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on.
How ground'd he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
St. Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger: presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Who after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter; with confidence demure,
Thus pausingly ensu'd;—Neither the King nor's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper; bid him strive
To gain the love o' th' commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern England.——

Queen.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' th' tenants: take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
For him to ruminate on this, until
It forg'd him some design; which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do. He answer'd, Tush,
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what so rank? ah ha——
There's mischief in this man. Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir William Blomer——

King. I remember:
Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
To the Tower, as I thought; I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper Richard, who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted;
(As he made semblance of his duty,) he would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant-traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee;
what say'st?

Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,——

He

He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
 Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
 He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenor
 Was, were he evil-us'd, he would outgo
 His father, by as much as a performance
 Does an irresolute * purpose.

King. There's his period,
 To sheath his knife in us; he is attach'd,
 Call him to present trial. If he may
 Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
 Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,
 He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *An apartment in the palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
 Men into such strange mockeries?

Sands. New customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
 Have got by the last voyage, is but merely
 A fit or two o' th' face: but they are shrewd ones;
 For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
 Their very noses had been counsellors
 To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one
 would take it,
 (That never saw 'em pace before,) the spavin
 And string-halt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my Lord,
 Their cloaths are after such a Pagan cut too,
 That, sure, they've worn out Christendom. How now?
 What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. 'Faith, my Lord,
 I hear of none, but the new proclamation
 That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov.

* *Irresolute*, for unperformed simply.

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our
Monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) "leave those remnants
"Of fool and feather that they got in France;
"With all their honourable points of ignorance
"Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
"Abusing better men than they can be,
"Out of a foreign wisdom; clean renouncing
"The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
"Short-bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel;
"And understand again like honest men;"
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the fly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies:
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going:
For, sure, there's no converting 'em. Now, Sirs,
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and; by'r Lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;

This

This night he makes a supper, and a great one;
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my Lord, h'as wherewithal: in him
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They're set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your Lordship shall along: come, good Sir Thomas;
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your Lordship's.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII. *Changes to Tork-houfe.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal,
a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen,
and divers other ladies and gentlewomen, as guests, at one
door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace
Salutes you all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As, first, good company, then good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
'The very thoughts of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,

They

They are a sweet society of fair-ones.

Low. O that your Lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;

They should find easy penance.

Low. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it please you fit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:

His Grace is ent'ring: nay, you must not freeze;

Two women plac'd together, make cold weather:

My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;

Pray sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,

And thank your Lordship. By your leave, sweet Ladies;

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;

I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;

But he would bite none; just as I do now,

He'd kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my Lord:

So now y'are fairly seated; Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cue,

Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,

Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,

And to you all good health.

[Drinks.]

Sands. Your Grace is noble:

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,

I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:

Ladies, you are not merry; Gentlemen,

Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have em'

Talk

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I may make my play:
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to such a thing——

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,

And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge and landed;
And hither make us great ambassage
From foreign parts.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,

Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*All arise, and tables removed.*]

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,
I shower a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. *Enter King, and others as maskers, habited like
shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass
directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct

Crave

Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace: for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleasures.

[*Chuse Ladies, King takes Anne Bullen.*]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [Music. Dance.]

Wol. Good my Lord.——

Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much as from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than myself, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it. [Whisper.]

Cham. I will, my Lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then:

By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal.
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, Lord.
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge you unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither; what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,

(The Viscount Rochford,) one of her Highness' women.

King. By heav'n, she's a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [To Anne Bullen.]
And not to kiss you. A health, Gentlemen;
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

VOL. V.

B b

Wol.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my Lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies every one. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry.

Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure

To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream

Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

[Exeunt with trumpets.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A street.

Enter two Gentlemen at several doors.

1 *Gen.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gen.* O Sir, God save ye:

Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gen.* I'll save you

That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the pris'ner.

2 *Gen.* Were you there?

1 *Gen.* Yes indeed was I.

2 *Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 *Gen.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

2 *Gen.* I'm sorry for't.

1 *Gen.* So are a number more.

2 *Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still Not guilty; and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd

To have brought *viva voce* to his face.
 At which appear'd against him his Surveyor,
 Sir Gilbert Pecke his Chancellor, and John Court
 Confessor to him, with that devil-monk
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he
 That fed him with his prophecies.

1 Gen. The same.
 All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
 Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not:
 And so his Peers upon this evidencee
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
 He spoke, and learnedly for life; but all
 Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
 His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely;
 And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
 In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure he does not,
 He never was so womanish; the cause
 He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly
 The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,
 By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
 Then Deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
 Left he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
 Was a deep, envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
 No doubt, he will requite it; this is noted,
 And, gen'rally, whoever the King favours,
 The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,
 And far enough from court too.

2 Gen. All the commons
 Hate him perniciously; and, o' my conscience,
 Wish him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much

They love and doat on, call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy.

SCENE II.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, (tipstaves before him, the ax with the edge towards him, halberts on each side,) accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people, &c.

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home, and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, Heav'n bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
Even as the ax falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice.
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians.
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You saw that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me, like good angels, to my end:
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on, o' God's name.

Low. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven. I forgive all.

There

There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave.—Commend me to his Grace:
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and pray'rs
Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now poor Edward Bohun.
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince
Restor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father.
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd:
A most unnatural and faithless service!

Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose; those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell; and when you would say something sad,
 Speak, how I fell.—I've done; and God forgive me!

[Exeunt Buckingham and train.]

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads
 That were the authors.

2 Gen. If the Duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us!
 What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gen. Let me have it;
 I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident;
 You shall, Sir. Did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing of a separation
 Between the King and Cath'rine?

1 Gen. Yes; but it held not;
 For when the King once heard it, out of anger
 He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait
 To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
 That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, Sir,
 Is found a truth now; for it grows again
 Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
 The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
 Or some about him near, have (out of malice
 To the good Queen) possess'd him with a scruple
 That will undo her: to confirm this too,

Cardinal

Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
Th' archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this.
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *An antichamber in the palace.*

Enter Lord Chamberlain reading a letter.

MY Lord, the horses your Lordship sent for, with all
the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd.
They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the
north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man
of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took
'em from me, with this reason. His master would be serv'd
before a subject, if not before the King; which stopp'd our
mouths, Sir.

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and
Suffolk.*

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so.

This is the Cardinal's doing, the King-Cardinal.
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,

Turns.

Turns what he lists. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal! for now he has crack'd the league
'Tween us and the Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most true,

These news are ev'ry where; ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all mens' honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pinch he please.

Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.
My Lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me.

The

The King hath sent me other-where; besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.

Health to your Lordships. *[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]*

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

SCENE IV.

The scene draws, and discovers the King sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha!

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust your-
Into my private meditations? *[selves]*

Who am I? ha!

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold.

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business.
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!

Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legate, with a commission.

Who's there? My good Lord Cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience!
Thou art a cure fit for a King.—You're welcome,
Most learned Rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom;

[To Campeius.]

Use us, and it: my good Lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go. *[To Norfolk and Suffolk.]*

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speak of.

I would not be so sick though, for his place.
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: to your Highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding,) you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men: the Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you.
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*]

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace

In

In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Ev'n of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning, is Black-friers:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bed-fellow? but, conscience, conscience!—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *An antichamber of the Queen's apartment.*

Enter Anne Bullen, and an Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither—Here's the pang that
pinches.

His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: oh, now after
So many courses of the sun, enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
The which to leave's a thousand-fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t' acquire; after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity

Would

Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
As soul and body's sev'ring.

Old L. Ah! poor lady,
She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her; verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And strange with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth——

Old L. Yes, troth and troth: you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire
Old as I am, to queen it. But I pray you, [me,
What think you of a Dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little:
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak

Ever

Ever to get a boy,

Anne. How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, Ladies; what were't worth to
The secret of your conf'rence? [know

Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, Amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note is
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender:
More than my all, which is nothing; for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. — I've perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [Aside.
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle——I'll to the King,
And say, I spoke with you. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Anne. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why, this it is: see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
For any suit of pounds: and you, oh fate!
(A very fresh fish here; fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune,) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once (tis an old story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a-year, for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a Dutchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good Lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; pray, do not deliver
What here y've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Changes to Blackfriars.*

Trumpets and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows

follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver-cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Searjeant at Arms, bearing a mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so; proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry, King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine Queen of England,
Come into the court.

Crier. Catharine, Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,

At all times to your will conformable:
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike;
 Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
 I ever contradicted your desire?
 Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice,
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years; and have been blest'd
 With many children by you. If in the course
 And process of this time you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person; in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
 The King your father was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment. Ferdinand
 My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd, by many
 A year before. It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
 Sir, I beseech you, spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore. If not, i' th' name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, Lady,

(And of your choice,) these rev'rend fathers, men
 Of singular integrity and learning;
 Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you defer the court, as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the King.

Cam.

Cam. His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, Madam,
'Tis fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet——

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before;
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge;
You shall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my Lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you, or any. How far I've proceeded;
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The King is present; if't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him.

It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T' oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
mouth'd;

You sign * your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t' accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catherine, Queen of England, come into the
court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your
way.

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.]
SCENE

* Sign for answers.

SCENE VII.

King. Go thy ways, Kate;
That man i' th' world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble-born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself tow'rds me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
Aton'd, and fully satisfy'd,) if I
Did broach this business to your Highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't; or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word,
That might be prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught,
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so; but, like the village-curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
The Queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd.
But will you be more justify'd? You ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hind'rd
The passages made tow'rds it.—On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point;
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,

Scruple,

Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By th' Bishop of Bayonne, then French Ambassador;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary: I' th' progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean the Bishop) did require a respite;
 Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power; and made to tremble
 The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerations did throng,
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
 I stood not in the smile of Heav'n, which had
 Commanded Nature, that my Lady's womb
 (If it conceiv'd a male child by me) should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought;
 This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
 (Well worthy the best heir o' th' world) should not
 Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in;
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I mean to rectify my conscience, (which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,)
 By all the rev'rend fathers of the land,
 And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember,
 How under my oppression I did reek,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
 How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin.

Ling. Please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your Highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no rev'rend person in this court,
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;
For no dislike i' th' world against the person
Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
(Catharine our Queen,) before the prime creature
That's paragon'd i' th' world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day;
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holiness.

King. I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
The dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court.
I say, set on. *[Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.]*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Queen's apartment.**The Queen and her women, as at work.*

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows
 sad with troubles:
 Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing:
 To music, plants and flowers
 Ever rose, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.
 Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
 Ev'n the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by,
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care, and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or hearing die.*

*Enter a Gentleman..**Queen.* How now?*Gen.* An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
 Wait in the presence.*Queen.* Would they speak with me?*Gen.* They will'd me say so, Madam.*Queen.* Pray their Graces

To come near. What can be their business
 With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
 I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
 They should be good men, their affairs * are righteous;
 But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.**Wol.* Peace to your Highness!*Queen.* Your Graces find me here part of a housewife,
 (I would be all,) against the worst may happen:

What

* Affairs, for professions.

What are your pleasures with me, Rev'rend Lords?

Wol. May't please you, Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner; would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw'em;
Envy and base opinion set against'em;
I know my life so even. If your business
Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta este erga te mentis integritas, Regina Sere-*
nissima,——

Queen. O, good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:
Pray speak in English; here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble Lady,
I'm sorry my integrity should breed
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not, by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good Lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty diff'rence
Between the King and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure

Both

Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.——

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those
Your hopes and friends are infinite. [fears.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit. Can you think, Lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,
("Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,")
And live a subject? They, forsooth, my friends——
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In my own country, Lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection:
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two Rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for shame, my Lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed, for Heaven's sake, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy*.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
"If ye be any thing but churchmens' habits,")
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! h'as banish'd me his bed already;
His love too, long ago. I'm old, my Lords;
And all the fellowship I hold now with him,
Is only by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this!

Cam. Your fears are worse——

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections,
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My Lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title

VOL. V.

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Your

* Envy for evil.

Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me——

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, 'but heav'n knows your hearts.
'What shall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her women.*

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost no grave allow'd me! like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good Lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? Alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what ye do:
How you may hurt yourself, nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; pray think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong your
virtues

With these weak womens' fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware you lose't not; for us (if you please
To trust us in your business) we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; and pray for.
If I have us'd myself unmannerly. [give me,
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons,

Pray

Pray do my service to his Majesty.
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, Rev'rend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An antichamber to the King's apartment.

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey, and
Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With those you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Stood not neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person;
Out of't himself?

Cham. My Lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Give way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not,
His spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.

In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment o' th' divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And edges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my Lord;
For I profess you have it.

Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My Amen to't!

Nor. All mens'!

Suf. There's orders given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no:

There

There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cause o' th' King unhanded; and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The King cry'd Ha! at this.

Cham. Now God incense him;
And let him cry Ha, louder!

Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Catharine no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess-dowager,
As widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal——

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand in's bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. And you he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.

[*Exit Cromwell.*

It shall be to the Dutchess of Alanson, [Aside.
The French King's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! no, I'll no Anne Bullens for him,——
There's more in it than a fair visage—— Bullen!——
No, we'll no Bullens!——speedily, I wish.
To hear from Rome—the Marchioness of Pembroke!——

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [Aside.] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a
Knight's daughter!

To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's Queen!——
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it.

Then out it goes—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' th' bosom of

Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is sprung up,

An heretic, an arch-one, Cranmer; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

SCENE III.

Enter King, reading a schedule; and Lovell.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the
The master-cord of's heart! [tring,

Suf. The King, the King.——

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how, i' th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again;

Strikes

Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. 'Tis heav'n's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think,
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

He takes his seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.

Wol. Heav'n forgive me——
Ever God bless your Highness!——

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit; sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time;
A time to think upon the part of business
I bear i' th' state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,

As

As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;

And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well.
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home;
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

[*Afide.*

Sur. The Lord increase this business!

[*Afide.*

King. Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no? What say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces
Show'r'd on me daily have been more than could
My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours*. My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires;
Yet, fill'd with my abilities, mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My pray'rs to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd.

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as i' th' contrary
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love; my pow'r rain'd honour more
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and ev'ry function of your power,

Should

* Endeavours, for deserts.

Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profess,
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd,
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken;
Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,
[*Giving him papers.*]
And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey; the Nobles
throng after him, whispering and smiling.*]

SCENE IV.

Wol. What should this mean?
' What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
' He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
' Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
' Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him;
' Then makes him nothing.' I must read this paper.
I fear the story of his anger——'tis so——
This paper has undone me——'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ

I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell;
 I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
 And from that full meridian of my glory
 I haste now to my setting. 'I shall fall,
 ' Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 ' And no man see me more.'

SCENE V.

Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who com-
 To render up the great seal presently [mands you
 Into our hands, and to confine yourself
 To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay.

Where's your commission, Lords? words cannot carry
 Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
 Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
 (I mean your malice,) know, officious Lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—Envy;
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
 As if it fed ye; and how sleek and wanton
 Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
 You've Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
 You ask with such a violence, the King
 (Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me;
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
 Ty'd it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud Lord, thou liest.

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur.

Sur. Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of Noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.
 The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
 (With thee and all thy best parts bound together,) /
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. / Plague of your policy!
 You sent me Deputy for Ireland,
 Far from his succour; from the King; from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an ax.

Wol. This, and all else
 This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour;
 That I, i' th' way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the King, my ever-royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
 My sword i' th' life-blood of thee else. My Lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewell, nobility; let his Grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets
 You writ to th' Pope, against the King; your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
 My Lord of Norfolk, as you're truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,

Who

Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you,
Worse than the facing bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my Lord, are in th' King's hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry, Guilty, Cardinal;
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those than my head; have at you.
First, that without the King's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Suf. That, without the knowledge
Either of King or council, when you went
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the King's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his Highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. That you have sent innumerable sums
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to th' mere undoing

Of

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my Lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a *præmunire*,
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
And chattles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it; and, no doubt, shall thank you,
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

SCENE VI.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me!
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his shoot;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours?
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amaz'd.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? nay, if you weep,
 I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities;
 A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his Grace; and, from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n!

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use
 of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 T' endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God blefs him!

Crom. The next is, That Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden——

But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,

May

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's new's indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O

Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King,
(That sun I pray may never set;) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,

Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman——
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee;
Say, Wolfey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
 Cromwell, I charge thee, sling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
 (Tho' th' image of his maker) hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that wait thee:
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
 And pr'ythee lead me in——
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A street in Westminster.**Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.*

1 Gen. YOU'RE well met once again.

2 Gen. And so are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold
 The Lady Anne pass from her coronation.

2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
 The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow;
 This, general joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well: the citizens,
 I'm sure, have shewn at full their loyal minds;
 And let 'em have their right, they're ever forward

In

In celebration of these days with shews,
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 Gen. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir. Had I not known those
I should have been beholden to your paper. [customs,
But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,
The Princess-dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles
From Amptil, where the Princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The King's late scruple; by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas, good Lady! ———
The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.

[Hautboys.]

The order of the Coronation.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets.
2. Then two judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
4. Chorister singing. [Music.]
5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his
coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
6. Marquis of Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head
a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of
Essex, Surrey,

Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

7. *Duke of Suffolk in his robe of state, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of Marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Dutcheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate, and then exeunt, with a great flouriſh of trumpets.

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me; theſe I know.

Who's that who bears the ſceptre?

1 Gen. Marquis Dorſet.

And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. The next ſhould be The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the ſame: High Steward.

2 Gen. And that my Lord of Norfolk.

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav'n bleſs thee!

Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a ſoul, ſhe is an angel;

Our King has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he ſtrains that lady.

I cannot blame his conſcience.

1 Gen. They that bear

The cloth of ſtate above her, are four Barons Of the Cinque-ports.

2 Gen. Thoſe men are happy; ſo are all are near her, I take it, ſhe that carries up the train, Is that old Noble Lady the Dutcheſs of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.

2 Gen. Their coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are ſtars indeed; And ſometimes falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

Enter

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir! Say, where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i' th' abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw the ceremony?

3 *Gen.* I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of Lords and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people;
(Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man;) which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrowds make at sea in a stiff tempest;
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make it reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, This is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But pray what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest
paces

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd; and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly:
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury,
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gen.* You must no more call it *York-place*, that's past.
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 *Gen.* I know it:
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3 *Gen.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary;
The other, London.

2 *Gen.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of th' Archbishop,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much esteem with th' King, and truly
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Master o' th' jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, Gentlemen, you shall both go my way,
Which is to the court, and there shall be my guests:
Something I can command; as I walk thither,
I'll tell you more.

Both. You may command us, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to Kimbolton.*

*Enter Catharine dowager, sick, led between Griffith her
Gentleman-Usher, and Patience her woman.*

Grif. How does your Grace?

Cath. O Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,

Willing

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair——
 So——now methinks I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*
 Did'st thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd.
 If well, he slept before me happily,
 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
 For after the stout Earl of Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
 (As a man-forely tainted) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
 He could not sit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads he came to Leicester;
 Lodg'd in the abbey, where the Rev'rend Abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words, 'O Father Abbot,
 'An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 'Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
 'Give him a little earth for charity!
 So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

Cath. "So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him!"
 "Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him;
 "And yet with charity. He was a man
 "Of an unbounded stomach; ever ranking
 "Himself with princes: one that, by suggestion,
 "Ty'd † all the kingdom: simony was fair play:
 "His own opinion was his law. I' th' presence
 "He would say untruths, and be ever double
 "Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
 "But

† i. e. Inflaved.

“ But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
 “ His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 “ But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
 “ Of his own body he was ill †, and gave
 “ The clergy ill example.”

Grif. Noble Madam,
 Mens' evil manners live in brass, their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your Highness
 To hear me speak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith,
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
 Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
 (Which was a sin;) yet in bestowing, Madam,
 He was most princely. Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good he did it:
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he dy'd fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!
 Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,

Cause

† i. e. He abused his body by intemperance and luxury.

Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages,
clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of
bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays
or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then
dance; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare gar-
land over her head, at which the other four make reverend
curtsies: then the two that held the garland, deliver the
same to the other next two; who observe the same order in
their changes, and holding the garland over her head:
which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two,
who likewise observe the same order: (at which, as it were
by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and
holdeth up her hands to heaven.) And so in their dancing
they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music
continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Cath. It is not you I call for;
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Cath. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the music leave,
'Tis harsh and heavy to me.

[*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

Grif.

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray,——

Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your Grace——

Cath. You are a saucy fellow;
Deserve we no more rev'rence?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [Exit Messenger.

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royal nephew, and your name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my Lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,
The King's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physic giv'n in time, had cur'd me.
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name be
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Cath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver

This

This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, Madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well,) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows, how dearly! My next poor petition
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but well deserves,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men: they are the poorest;
But poverty can never draw 'em from me:
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me.
If Heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heav'n, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Cath. I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness;
And tell him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest'd him;
For so I will—Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My Lord—Griffith, farewell—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed——
Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray,——

Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your Grace——

Cath. You are a saucy fellow;
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:
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A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [Exit Messenger.]

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You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
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What is your pleasure with me?

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Heav'n knows, how dearly! My next poor petition
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pity
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Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
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And something over to remember me.
If Heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life,
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Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Cath. I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness;
And tell him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I bless'd him;
For so I will—Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My Lord—Griffith, farewell—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed—
Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: imbalm me,
 Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
 A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me.
 I can no more—— [Exeunt, leading Catharine.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the palace.

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch
 before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.*

Gard. **T** IS one o'clock, Boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
 Not for delights; times to repair our nature
 With comforting repose, and not for us
 To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
 Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
 With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
 Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell; what's the matter?
 It seems you are in haste: and if there be
 No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
 Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
 (As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
 In them a wilder † nature, than the business
 That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you;
 And durst commend a secret to your ear
 Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,
 They say, in great extremity; 'tis fear'd
 She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
 I pray for heartily, that it may find
 Good time, and live; but for the flock, Sir Thomas,
 I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could

Cry

† Wild, for uncommon.

Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says,
She's a good creature, and (sweet Lady) does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, Sir, Sir——

Hear me, Sir Thomas——You're a Gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious:
And let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' th' kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made Master
O' th' Rolls, and King's Secretary; further,
Stands in the gap and tread for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop
Is the King's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him. Indeed, this very day,
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incens'd the Lords o' th' council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the King; who hath so far
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long. Good night, Sir Thomas.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord! I rest your ser-
vant.

[*Exit Lovell.*]

SCENE II. *Changes to an apartment in the palace.*

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

E f 2

Suf.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.

Re-enter Lovell.

Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! ha!
To pray for her! what! is she crying out!

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good Lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, a good night. *[Exit Suffolk.]*
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury! ———

Denny. Yea, my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true—where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. *[Exit Denny.]*

Lov. This is about that which the Bishop spake.
I am happily come hither. *[Aside.]*

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. *[Lovell seemeth to stay.]*
Ha! —

Ha!—I have said—he gone.

What!—

[*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

SCENE III.

Cran. I am much fearful: wherefore frowns he thus
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my Lord? you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
T' attend your Highness' pleasure:

King. Pray you rise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak;
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself;
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower. You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd; where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury.
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy Dame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together

Yourself and your accusers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty.
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole world?
Your foes are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witnesses, than your master,
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into.
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you;
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]
H'as strangled all his language in his tears.

Enter.

Enter an Old Lady.

Gen. [Within.] Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say Ay, and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever blest her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!——

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.

[Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue.

[Exit Lady.]

SCENE IV. *Before the council-chamber.*

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I hope I'm not too late; and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? ho?
Who waits there? sure you know me?

Enter Door-keeper.

D. Keep. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So——

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. *[Exit Butts.]*

Cran. 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician. As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n, he found not my disgrace! for certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door: a fellow-counsellor,
'Mong boys, and grooms, and lackeys! but their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight——

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me: where is it?

Butts. There, my Lord.

The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought

They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,

At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their Lordships' pleasures;

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery;

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,

We shall hear more anon.——

SCENE

SCENE V. *The council.*

A council-table brought in, with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand, a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My Lord Archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council-table.]

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty. But we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels: from which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little;
Tow'rd the King first, and then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness and childish pity

To

To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
 Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours
 The Upper Germany can dearly witness,
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progress
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
 (And with no little study) that my teaching,
 And the strong course of my authority,
 Might go one way, and safely; and the end
 Was ever to do well: nor is there living
 (I speak it with a single heart, my Lords)
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,
 (Both in his private conscience and his place,)
 Defacers of the public peace, than I do.
 Pray Heav'n, the King may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your Lordships,
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
 And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My Lord, because we've business of more moment,
 We will be short wi' you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
 And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;
 Where being but a private man again,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you,
 You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
 I shall both find your Lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful. I see your end,
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, Lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition:
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,

(Lay

(Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,) I make as little doubt, as you do conscience In doing daily wrongs. I could say more, But rev'rence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a sectary, That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers, To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little, By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble, However faulty, yet should find respect For what they have been. 'Tis a crueky To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary, I cry your Honour mercy; you may, worst Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my Lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest! Mens' prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much; Forbear for shame, my Lords.

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord: it stands agreed, I take it, by all voices, that forthwith You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner; There to remain, till the King's further pleasure Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to th' Tower, my Lords?

Gard. What other Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome; Let some o' th' guard be ready there.

Enter

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?

Must I go like a traitor then?

Gard. Receive him,

And see him safe i' th' Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my Lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, Lords;

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Cham. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis his right ring, by Heav'n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. D'you think, my Lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain.

How much more is his life in value with him?

Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,

In seeking tales and informations

Against this man, whose honesty the devil

And his disciples only envy at,

Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

SCENE VI.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; [Heav'n
Not only good and wise, but most religious?
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not

To

To hear such flatt'ries now; and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest

[To Cran.]

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee,
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your Grace——

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.

I thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, Lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
Which ye shall never have while I do live.

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your
Grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords, respect him:

Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends for shame, my Lords. My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me.
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism:

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd spare your spoons:
you shall have

Two noble partners with you; the old Dutchess
Of Norfolk, and the Lady Marquis Dorset —
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus: Do my Lord of Canterbury
But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain:
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *The palace-yard.*

Noise and tumult. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; do you
take the court for Paris Garden? ye rude slaves, leave
your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye rogue;
is this a place to roar in? fetch me a dozen crab-tree
staves, and strong ones; these are but switches. — To
'em. I'll scratch your heads; you must be seeing
christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you
rude rascals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we swept them from the door with cannons)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one found cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute.
I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand;
to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that
had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuc-
kold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine
again; and that I would not for a crow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy.
Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by
the dozens? Is this Morefields to muster in? or have we
some strange Indian with the great tool come to court,
the women so besiege us? Bless me! what a fry of for-
nication is at the door? on my Christian conscience, this
one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father,
godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is
a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier
by his face; for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-
days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are
under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-
drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times
was his nose discharged against me; he stands there like
a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdash-
er's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me
till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling
such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor
once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, Clubs! when
I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to
her succour; which were the hope of the Strand, where
she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my
place; at length they came to th' broom-staff with me,
I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind
'em deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, loose shot, that
I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the
work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-
house,

house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here? They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters? These lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows; There's a trim rabble let in; are all these Your faithful friends o' th' suburbs? we shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from th' christ'ning?

Port. Please your Honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay you all
By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves:
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
Th' are come already from the christening;
Go break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess!

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i' th' camblet, get up o' th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutchess of Norfolk,

Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endless goodness, send long
And ever happy, to the high and mighty [life,
Princess of England, fair Elifabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners, and myself thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. *Elifabeth.*

King. Stand up, Lord.
With this kifs take my blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossip, y' have been too prodigal,
I thank you heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir;
(For Heav'n now bids me,) and the words I utter,
Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heav'n still move about her,)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this blest'd soul shall be. All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her:
Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:
"She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
" Her

" Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn, [her.
 " And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with
 " In her days, ev'ry man shall eat in safety
 " Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
 " The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
 " God shall be truly known, and those about her
 " From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 " And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.
 " Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
 " The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 " Her ashes new create another heir,
 " As great in admiration as herself;
 " So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 " (When Heav'n shall call her from this cloud of dark-
 " Who from the sacred ashes of her honour [ness,)
 " Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 " And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 " That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 " Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 " Where-ever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,
 " His honour and the greatness of his name
 " Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
 " And, like a mountain-cedar, reach his branches
 " To all the plains about him: children's children
 " Shall see this, and bless heav'n."

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princess; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 Would I had known no more! but she must die,
 She must, the saints must have her yet a virgin;
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 Unto th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O Lord Archbishop,
 Thou'lt made me now a man; never before
 This happy child did I get any thing.
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
 I thank ye all.—To you, my good Lord Mayor,
 And your good brethren, I am much beholden:
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,

And:

And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords;
 Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day no man think,
 H'as business at his house, for all shall stay;
 This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one, this play can never please
 All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an æ or two; but those we fear
 We've frightened with our trumpets: so 'tis clear,
 They'll say 'tis naught. Others, to hear the city
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry, That's witty!
 Which we have not done neither; that I fear
 All the expected good w'are like to hear
 For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good women;
 (For such a one we shew'd 'em.) If they smile,
 And say 'twill do, I know within a while
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible markings.]

2000-01-19

This image shows a blank, aged, light gray page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a textured appearance with visible vertical creases and numerous small dark specks, possibly dust or foxing, scattered across its surface. There is no text or other markings on the page.

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